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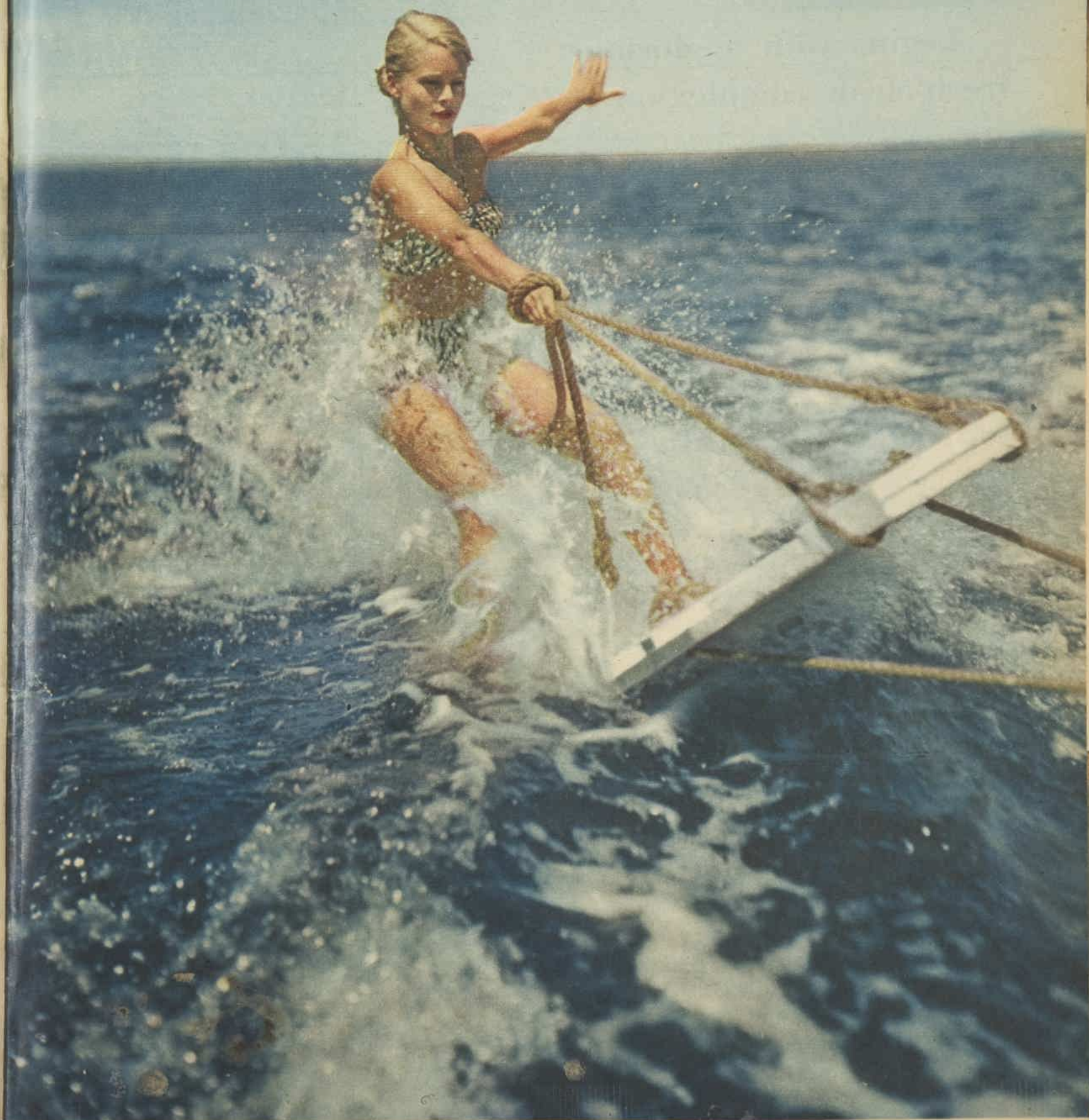
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 4, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 35

Our cover

● Attractive 19-year-old Jill Altmann, a Sydney
law student, makes aquaplaning look easy on the
smooth waters of Lake Myall, N.S.W. Jill seems
the spirit of summer in this picture by staff
photographer Keith Barlow.

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The Weekly Round

● World-famous mystery-writer Ngaio
Marsh spent most of a voyage from England
to New Zealand "finding out how a ship
ticks" to give authentic background to her
brilliant new serial, "Singing in the
Shrouds," which begins in our next issue.

MISS MARSH, who
was born in New
Zealand, travelled on a
passenger-cargo ship simi-
lar to the Cape Infanta of
her novel.

She studied the layout of
the decks and cabins, the time-
table and running of a ship
and the work of its crew, and
the way people reacted to
shipboard life.

For her novel she changed
the setting to the London-
South Africa run. Nine pas-
sengers are booked in the
Cape Infanta's luxury cabins.
One of them is a murderer.

"Singing in the Shrouds" is
Miss Marsh's 20th novel. Her
many fans will be delighted
to know that once again the
hero of the story is smooth,
urbane Scotland Yard detec-
tive Superintendent Roderick
Alley.

By beginning "Singing in the
Shrouds" in our next issue,
we are enabling readers to en-
joy it before it is on sale in
Australian bookshops.

★ ★ ★
HEINZ NONVEILLER,
who wrote the delightful
story "Less One Umbrella,"
on page 23, is a 20-year-old
Austrian who couldn't speak
a word of English when he
arrived in Australia a few
years ago.

Heinz, who lives at Single-

ton, N.S.W., wrote the story
on a brief visit to Sydney. It
is his first to be published in
Australia.

He tells us that when he
isn't writing fiction he likes
to write poetry, for which he
finds it easier to use his native
German.

★ ★ ★
EIGHTEEN - YEAR - OLD

English debutante Elfrida
Eden received three proposals
of marriage when she visited
Italy for the wedding of her
sister Amelia and Italian
ferryboat engineer Giovanni
Borrelli.

Amelia counts her world
well lost for love (pages 8, 9,
and 10). Elfrida, however,
said: "It would be terribly un-
original to do the same thing
as Amelia."

NEXT WEEK

● A glowing com-
plexion and hair
brought to sparkling
new life can be every
woman's this
autumn. A special
four-page beauty sec-
tion in our next issue
shows how clever
make-up and gleam-
ing hair tints can give
fashion's luminous
look for autumn.

A most modest young man called Meckiff

● A modest young Melbourne man called Meckiff—who three seasons ago wasn't good enough for district cricket—began the New Year by demoralising England's cricketers, pitching the Ashes into Australia's reach, and becoming a national hero.

AND no one was more surprised at this sudden, devastating success than Ian Meckiff himself.

For years to come cricket fans will debate why this series was won or lost.

Whatever their verdict, Meckiff's six wickets for 38 runs in England's second innings of the Melbourne Test is certain to figure prominently in discussions.

This bowling effort didn't only skittle the English batsmen; it also started the greatest controversy of the series.

"He throws the ball," cried English cricket writers. "He should be banned . . . getting to throw you" isn't cricket."

Suddenly, in about as little time as it takes "Sputnik" Meckiff to deliver a ball, the

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

left-handed speedster was headline news.

Ask Ian Meckiff how he feels about his success, and he grins his boyish grin and says quietly: "Naturally, I'm delighted. But I haven't quite realised it's happened yet."

Ask him if he's worried about the "throwing" criticism and there's no boyish grin as he says quietly but firmly: "I don't think about it."

"There's not much I can say, but I assure you if the umpires or players of either team complained that I threw the ball I'd be worried."

"They haven't complained, and I'm not worried."

(Cricketing law 26 states:

"For a delivery to be fair, the ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked; if either umpire be not entirely satisfied of the absolute fairness of a delivery in this respect, he shall call and signal 'No Ball' instantly upon delivery.")

Meckiff is not only a successful cricketer. He loves cricket, and he believes in cricket.

"It's all rot to say that cricket is getting slow and dull, and that people are losing interest in the game."

"The reason there aren't the big, fast scores of former years is because the game is getting more scientific," he said.

"No game that has dying interest would have packed the cricket grounds and had practically everyone in the country talking the way this Test series has."

IAN MECKIFF, Australia's sensational fast bowler, who sent England's wickets flying in the Melbourne Test Match. These color pictures are by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



Meckiff, the 6ft. 2in., 24-year-old bronzed bowler, graduated to South Melbourne's first XI three years ago, but he was so unsuccessful with his medium-fast bowling that he was dropped from the side for most of the season.

He changed his bowling style, and was immediately successful with the jazzed-up pace deliveries.

An injury to another bowler put him suddenly into interstate cricket, and he was selected to play for Australia in New Zealand in 1957 and in South Africa in 1957-58.

Came this tour, and many critics and enthusiasts questioned whether Meckiff was worth his place in the team. Came the Melbourne Test, and Meckiff provided a pretty effective answer.

"That sixth wicket was the greatest moment in my cricketing life," he said. "And playing in a Test on the Melbourne Cricket Ground achieved my long ambition."

"I thought that happened only to the great names of cricket, and I'd never wildly dreamed it could happen to me."

The young bowler, whose speed comes from a pronounced whip of his wrist after a big arm swing, has recently been giving his wrist plenty of strengthening exercise with a paint brush.

He's been enthusiastically wielding it in his new home which is nearing completion in Beaumaris, a Melbourne bayside suburb.

Last year, after his Test debut in South Africa, Meckiff—a specialised hardware salesman—married dental nurse Lorraine Moore, and they hope to be settled in

their new home before their baby is born in April.

It's because of Lorraine and the baby that Ian says he will almost certainly turn down attractive offers to play with a Lancashire League team in the next English season.

Lorraine, who met Ian at a dance, has become a cricket enthusiast, watches her husband play whenever she can, and visited Sydney for the first time when she went to cheer him on in the Third Test.

Unfortunately, a bruised tendon kept Meckiff out of the vital part of the match.

I said before that Meckiff was modest. That is probably the understatement of 1959.

When I asked him if he'd become the local hero in his Melbourne district, he said shyly: "Oh, no. I don't think many people would know me. After all, there are hundreds of cricketers."

Probably the experts will still be arguing about the legality of Meckiff's style of bowling when the next Test series is being bowled out.

But whether or not they find him guilty of being a "thrower," they'll never be able to question the sportsmanship of this pleasant, easy-going cricketer whose big ambition now is to play for Australia in England.



HERE'S THE SCORE

THESE pictures (above and right) were taken in successive deliveries as Meckiff bowled to England's skipper, Peter May, during the Sydney Test. We showed them to members of England's XI.

"The picture (above) of Meckiff with his arm bent is dynamite. It proves beyond doubt he is a thrower, but what can we do?" said one player.

"It's as much a throw as when a small boy throws a stone in the backyard," said a former Australian Test bowler.

"These photographs fully justify the legality of Meckiff's delivery," said Daily Telegraph cricket writer Phil Tressider. "In the picture above he is poised ready to deliver the ball, and his arm is bent. But in the picture at right, at point of delivery, he has straightened his arm. What he does prior to bowling the ball doesn't really matter. It's what he does at the very moment of delivery."

Another Australian critic said: "I think he throws the faster deliveries, but bowls his normal ones."

It wouldn't be cricket if everyone agreed, but what do YOU think?



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OVERWEIGHT is ugly, inelegant, and dangerous to health.

But its cause is known and its cure is simple. Except in rare instances, you are fat because you eat too much. The simple cure for your condition is to eat less.

How to eat less and still enjoy life has developed into an international preoccupation. Diets of all types and kinds abound. Many of them are good, some of them are bad.

However, every individual is different, and everyone has personal ideas on how to slim and so reap the rich dieting rewards of being more healthy, more beautiful, looking younger, and living longer.

Some people lose weight by having a liquid day a week, others by giving up potatoes. Some people

don't touch butter, others eat sweets and gravies only on Sundays.

How do you diet? How do you stick to your diet?

We will award two prizes of £50 each week for:

1. The best reducing hint.
2. The best hint on how to stick to a diet.

The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the big prize.

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● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

Writer's home is hotel room

- Unlike most people who dislike staying long in hotels, English novelist Alec Waugh spends most of his life in them and thinks they're the only places to live.

By
RONALD McKIE



NOVELIST ALEC WAUGH

ALEC WAUGH, who is small, bald, and precise, is an elder brother of novelist Evelyn Waugh, has a married daughter, a son in the Navy, and a son about to go to Oxford.

He has written most of his 20 novels and 20 other books in between Test cricket series, for if there's a Test match within 5000 miles this cricket fanatic will get to it—somehow—and his heroes and heroines can go hang.

He was flying from Bangkok to Fiji when the third Test got in his way. He stayed in Sydney to see every ball, and dressed for the match with his M.C.C. tie.

"In a hotel everything is done for you, and if you stay in the same hotel regularly you always get a warm welcome from the staff," he said.

"When I had a flat something always went wrong when I was away from it. The rent wasn't paid, or my books were

stolen, or the telephone was cut off."

Alec Waugh divides his year mainly between four, widely scattered favorite pubs—in Europe, Africa, Asia, and the U.S.A.

At two he works. One he uses as a business headquarters. And at the other, in his own words, he "plays and misbehaves."

First and most important work-pub is the Welcome Hotel at Villefranche, near Nice.

"I find I work well at hotels," he said, "and particularly at the Welcome, where I have a view of the sea and the fishing-boats. I work best when there's movement under my window."

"I write in longhand. I used to keep up 4000 words a day for weeks. But these days I average about 2000 a day."

"I'm 60, you know."

"I generally write only in the morning, have a snooze in the afternoon, and am fresh

for whatever is on in the evening."

Alec Waugh's other work-hotel is the Oriental in Bangkok.

In this city of pagodas and pleasant people he has completed a big section of his next book, which has an oil-town theme.

He may call the book "No House On It," which comes from a Buddhist saying: "Life is a bridge, therefore build no house on it."

"It may seem strange writing about oil in beautiful Bangkok," he said, "but I never write about places when I'm in them. I always remember them more clearly when I'm somewhere else."

He uses the Algonquin in New York, centre for writers and actors, largely as a business headquarters for calls on agents and publishers.

He has never been able to work at the Algonquin. New York is too fast, too noisy.

But during his American visits he occasionally gets away to the Peterboro Writers' colony in New Hampshire,

where, among parkland and farms, words come easily.

That's where he wrote most of his best-known novel, "Island in the Sun," story of colonial conflicts in the West Indies—lands which have always stimulated his interest in race and color problems.

Alec Waugh's fourth hotel is the Velasquez in Tangier.

"I stay at the Velasquez for several months each year, do no work whatever, play most of the time, and get into a lot of trouble."

In his four hotels Alec Waugh permanently leaves trunks containing clothes, books, and even pictures, so that an hour after he has arrived he has his personal things around him.

To this wandering novelist every hotel room is home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 4, 1959

The questions made the models blush

By
ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES,
staff reporter



KAZUKO MATSUDA (above) is just on 5ft. tall with a 21½ in. waist. She is 22, has been married for two years. The other girls call her "Funny Face," after the Audrey Hepburn film.

ASK any Australian mannequin her statistics—and she'll glibly reel off the 36-23-36 answer. Ask the three pretty Japanese girls here to model at the Japanese Trade Fair—and you'll get giggles, blushes. AND a red-faced interpreter.

Ducking round miniature pagodas and dodging huge Japanese lanterns, I met the girls at Sydney's giant Trocadero ballroom, rapidly being turned into a scene like a set from the film "Sayonara."

They were all smiles. And all pretty.

There was Kazuko Matsuda, a tiny, exquisite edition of Audrey Hepburn—just on 5ft. tall. Towering over her—and above nearly all the Japanese businessmen there to arrange the Fair—were Akiko Kojima and Yoshiko Manabe, both about 5ft. 6in.

We settled down to talk in a traditional Japanese setting—a show corner set up as a tea ceremony with tatami

(straw mats) on the floor, no chairs.

The girls automatically took off their shoes—high-heeled European toe-peepers—tucked their pink-lacquered toenails out of sight, and squatted happily on the floor. I sat on a cushion, and kept my shoes on.

There were smiles all round. But that was as far as we got. Because I didn't understand one word they said. And they didn't understand one word I said.

So a man was dragged into the tea party. Reluctant but resigned, Ernest Naple squatted down to join in the girls' talk.

A former Russian who spent 12 years in Japan on his way to becoming an Australian citizen, Mr. Naple is official interpreter for the Fair.

We started with names and

ages and other simple questions. I spoke to Mr. Naple; he spoke to the girls; they spoke to him; and minutes later I got the answers.

"Both Akiko and Yoshiko are 23 and very tall against average Japanese girls; Kazuko is nicknamed 'Funny Face' because of the Audrey Hepburn movie, is aged 22, and married at 20 to a young American-Japanese who is in charge of an export camera company in Tokio."

Kazuko smiled at this stage and showed off a large diamond ring, worn on the fourth finger, left hand.

So far, so good. Smiles all round.

Then I asked about their make-up and Mr. Naple ran into translation problems.

Minutes passed in a babble of Japanese. Haltingly, the answers started.

"The girls wear a mixture of ancient and modern make-up. Their white face-powder mixed with water is traditional; their faint blush of rouge is modern. Their style of eye make-up is old, but the color of the eye-shadow—green—is new."

"Pale pink lipstick is fashionable, and many young Japanese girls now paint their fingernails and toenails in bright pink lacquer."

The girls all waved pink fingernails at me, and Yoshiko produced a pretty paper fan and started waving it in the steamy air.

Then we dealt with hair.

Kazuko has a mop of short black hair cut into a tousled wig shape copied from Paris; the other girls have long straight hair done in variations of the French roll.

Next, I wanted to know if any of them had had plastic surgery to make their eyes less Oriental, as I heard Japanese doctors were making such operations big business.

Mr. Naple squirmed a little but translated bravely on. Soon there were squeals all round, heads shaking.

"They wish to say," said Mr. Naple, "that they have only their original eyes."

More questions—via Mr. Naple, of course.

How much did models earn in Japan; did they have many charm schools?

"At home, each of the three earns about £25 a day, taking them into the top ranks of models there. And in Japan model training schools don't have a Japanese name but are called 'charm schools.'"

The girls were all wearing European dress—pretty fresh cottons with low, round necklines, tightly belted waistlines, and full skirts, which were from the collection of Japanese dresses in the Fair.

"But they like kimonos best," said Mr. Naple. "They

find them cool and pretty—and they also like the Sack."

Sack dresses in Japan made me wonder what they called them. A hurried conference, Mr. Naple doing gestures of straight up and down.

Answer: "Sakko."

At last those statistics—bust, waist, and hip sizes.

A burst of giggles came first, then a hurried whispered conference. Then blushes.

Little Kazuko gave the answers to poor Mr. Naple, who was getting to the blushing stage himself.

"The only thing they measure is the waist—and Kazuko's waist is 54."

I didn't believe it. Two hands would easily meet around it. The girls were giggling again and saying something to Mr. Naple.

"Fifty-four centimetres, they mean," finished the desperate Mr. Naple, deciding that he was immediately needed at the heavy-industry exhibit way over the other side of the room.

P.S.: Fifty-four centimetres is 21½ inches.



AKIKO KOJIMA (above) is 23, and about 5ft. 6in.—very tall for a Japanese girl. Like the other two models, she has brown eyes, wears green eye-shadow, outlines the eyes with brown pencil slanted upwards.



YOSHIKO MANABE (above) is 23, the same age as Akiko, but is slimmer and a little taller. She wears her hair in a modern version of the traditional Japanese style. All three girls have creamy skin; they all wear pale pink lipstick, with a definite Italian look, and all have pink-lacquered fingernails and toenails.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 4, 1959

A day in the life of a Dior mannequin

OFTEN I am asked what it is like, a day in the life of a model at the House of Dior.

Because our working "day" is only from 2.30 in the afternoon until about 5.30 (but it is very often later), most people think we have a rather lazy and glamorous life.

It is glamorous, yes! But lazy! No, no!

I have already spoken of the tense and exciting month before a collection is presented and of a few weeks—oh, how we work—when we are showing to all the buyers.

Afterwards we settle into a few months of what you could perhaps call routine; then the routine is interrupted if we must travel to another country for a showing.

Big lunch

Usually, during the routine months, I get up at 9 a.m. and I make my own breakfast—just orange juice and coffee, no more.

I suppose this is a small breakfast, but I have a big lunch—a very important meal in France. That is why the

**By famous Dior model
FRANCE GHEYs,
as told to Dawn James**

shops close from 12.30 to 2.30, because everybody is at the table for two hours.

Beginning with hors-d'oeuvres or fish, I eat steak or lamb chops, or something like that, with vegetables, and then cheese. I hate the puddings—they are not at all good for the shape.

I am fond of food, and sometimes I like to cook—and some of my favorites have very simple recipes.

Always I steam vegetables, because it keeps the vitamins in. I steam all together—artichokes, tomatoes, anything I have—cut into pieces and cooked in the top of my double saucepan.

This is good for those who diet, for there can be nothing fattening in vegetables cooked in such a way.

With **Tomato Provencale** you cut the tomatoes in halves and scoop out the insides. Then refill with chopped-up garlic and some butter. It is baked

in a slow oven for about 30 minutes. I like it because I love garlic (most people do in France). For an alteration, the tomatoes also are delicious filled with meat and garlic.

Pifrade is a puffy omelet—the egg whites and yolks are beaten separately, then joined together, with red and green pimiento and tomato added before the cooking.

French dressing

Salade Nicoise mixes cut-up tomato, cucumber, green pimiento, anchovies, tuna, hard-boiled eggs in oil-and-lemon dressing. Or you may have oil and vinegar, as they do in the South of France. To make the dressing, I take two spoons of oil with the juice of half a lemon, pepper, salt, and garlic.

In Australia I loved all the fresh fruits and vegetables—and the late Sunday morning breakfast of chops and bacon and eggs.

But I did not like the way you fry potatoes.

They must not be short and fat, but in long and slender strips. To cook, I have the oil boiling, very hot, and I put the potatoes into a wire basket and leave them for five minutes in the oil.

Then I take them out, allow the oil to boil again, and return the potatoes to it, leaving them till they are roasted. It is delicious, that.

Perhaps, while I am talking of food, I should mention that for one whole day each week I eat only fresh fruit, vegetables, and yoghurt. No meat. I think it good for the health and the shape.

I have heard also that housework is good for shaping the figure, too. I do my own housework in the mornings.

This is in my new studio apartment, which I have furnished with a little piece of Australia—beautiful striped window blinds which look very Parisian but which I bought in Sydney.

Washing silk

My concierge does my big household laundry, and she looks after the dry-cleaning of my clothes, but my silks I attend to myself.

I wash these silks—blouses and so on—in cold water with pure soap, in block form. Then I rinse in more cold water with about three large spoonfuls of vinegar added to it.

Then the color of the silk will not move and the material will continue to shine. And, of course, I always iron silk on the wrong side.

When I wash white things I also wash them in cold water, and I put a squeeze of lemon juice in the water to keep them white.

Most of the time I wear blouses and skirts or sweaters and skirts. In my wardrobe I keep four or five dresses by Dior—which is extravagant, but very nice.

In the afternoons I usually walk to the salon in the Avenue Montaigne, because it is not very far from my apartment.

I have a small saloon motor car, but I used to drive in a small black and green sports model that I bought from Hubert Givenchy, the young couturier.

He had it specially made to fit him, for he is very tall. As soon as I heard he wished to sell I realised it was just the thing for me.

I think perhaps I will buy another small open car soon; they are such fun to drive.

After work sometimes I go to see a movie with one of the other models, and afterwards we eat chop suey at a Chinese restaurant.

Or I go to the theatre. This I am never too tired to do, for I love it and have many friends in the theatrical world.

But never do I visit nightclubs—I hate them.

At other times I feel I would just like to rest. Then I lie on my bed with my television set near my nose and my dog Cara by my side. We make a very happy family.

MODEL HOUSEWIFE

• "Housework is good for the shape," says France—so she does her own in the mornings before going to work . . .



... "I am fond of food, and sometimes I like to cook . . . In Australia I loved all the fresh fruit and vegetables."



... "I wash my silks in cold water with pure soap. Then I rinse in more cold water with about three spoonfuls of vinegar added . . ."



... "And, of course, I always iron silk on the wrong side."



IN AUSTRALIA
France bought hula-hoops "for the figure"—and learned to keep three moving simultaneously.

MY WORLD WAS WELL

by *Amelia Eden Borrelli*

● *Amelia Eden, daughter of baronet Sir Timothy Eden and niece of Sir Anthony Eden, tells how she defied convention and abandoned British "society" life to marry an Italian ferryboat engineer . . .*



ABOVE. "My handsome Gianni has given me more love and happiness than all the money in the world could buy."

RIGHT. "Gianni's family have taken me to their hearts — and I feel as happy with them as I do with my own family."

I AM the luckiest and happiest woman in all Italy. Of that I am sure. For now that I have made this lovely country my home and my dream marriage has not turned into the nightmare many people believed, I know that my decision was right.

Four months ago I lived in a stately home in the country, with a town house in London.

Today I am Signora Amelia Borrelli, the wife of "Gianni" Borrelli, the ferry-boat engineer, and my home is a white-washed two-room cottage in the village of Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia. Across the way live my parents-in-law, Mamma and Papa Borrelli, with their four daughters and two sons.

In the evenings, when my husband is at sea and I sit alone watching the sky turn from blue to purple, I think of England and home. My thoughts always turn first to my father and mother and my sisters, Ann, Rose, and Elfrida. I picture them around a huge fire in the drawing-room of our home in Fritham, on the edge of the New Forest.

A comfortable life

In almost every respect my upbringing was strictly conventional. We lived comfortably but not luxuriously. Part of our lovely big Tudor-style house in Fritham was converted into a school run by my father.

But Fritham was my home only for weekends and holidays. The remainder of my time was spent in another school which my mother had started in Kensington, London.

When I left school I was sent to the Sorbonne in Paris for the traditional "finishing." I honestly did not enjoy the Sorbonne, and I returned to England quite soon afterwards to begin secretarial work for my father.

The biggest thrill of my life then was when my mother presented me at Court and I met the King and Queen. Afterwards there was a dinner party and the fabulous Queen Charlotte's Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

That was my night of absolute bliss; a wonderful orchestra, a long, flowing evening gown, and the company of my own friends. If, during the ball, anyone had told me I would marry a foreigner—and a poor Italian at that—I should have thought them mad.

My romance began when one of the girls at our Fritham school, Kristine Fairweather, and I decided to go abroad for our summer vacation. We each saved £50 and went by train to Naples. There we stayed with my uncle, who is the Consul-General.

We had heard that some of the islands in the Bay of Naples were worth visiting, so one day Kristine and I caught an early boat to one of the largest islands—Ischia.

Ischia was then almost completely undiscovered by tourists. There were few hotels, and prices were much lower than in Naples. The people, too, were different. And in every way the island completely enchanted us.

We had brought our bathing costumes, and after walking along the beach we rented a small hut and changed. As we were swimming around close to the shore, I heard a shout, and, looking up, saw a rowing-boat. Two smiling faces stared down.

The salt water stung my eyes, and as I blinked one of the smiling faces changed from a blur to a handsome, rugged head and shoulders. He called out an invitation to climb aboard.

From what I had seen of Italian men in Naples I had realised that the local boys did not waste time on the formalities of introductions, and both Kristine and I had always been quick to keep out of their way.

But this afternoon was different. The sun was beating down; the sea was deliciously warm, and Ischia smiled at us. No possible harm could come from just laughing back at the boys.

A few minutes later we were aboard their dinghy. Talking in a mixture of English, simple, basic Italian, and sign language, the boys said they would take us round the island in their boat.

They were Salvatore and Giovanni—Gianni for short. I got the pronunciation wrong and called him Johnny.

I don't remember what we talked about, but somehow I chatted to Gianni more than to Salvatore.

We laughed and talked, and, like boys all over the world, they begged us not to catch the last boat back to Naples. But after less than an hour we landed at our beach hut again and were ready for the Naples steamer.

Gianni and Salvatore walked to the quay-side with us. Just before the steamer sailed they asked us to come back to Ischia in two days' time, when they would show us the island.

Kristine and I laughed at them and said we might meet them again.

Thrill of pleasure

Back in Naples I told no one of our day in Ischia — especially not my uncle, for he might have been rather shocked. The following two days passed quickly, without a thought in my head for Gianni—until the morning of our date, when Kristine and I decided on the spur of the moment that it might be good fun to go back to Ischia.

The steamer nosed its way into the island's tiny natural harbor, and we ran down the gangway, expecting to see the boys. But there was no sign of them.

We immediately had that silly feeling that they had only been joking, so we walked over to the beach and lay down on the soft sand.

The "hello" which I heard behind me sounded anything but English. I looked up, and there was Gianni. I felt a thrill of pleasure run through me.

The boys had turned up after all, and had been running between the island's two ports, thinking they had missed us.

We climbed into their little motor boat and set off for Sant' Angelo, a village on



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY — February 4, 1933

LOST FOR LOVE



'My society friends in Mayfair would laugh to have seen my early struggles with long streamers of tomato-sauce-covered spaghetti.'

the other side of Ischia that is only accessible by boat or donkey.

Gianni and Salvatore ran the boat aground, and led us up to a small, dark cafe cut into the cliff walls. There they ordered spaghetti—real home-made spaghetti soaked in chianti and smothered with fresh tomato sauce.

The meal was one of the gayest I have ever had. And Gianni, broad and handsome, watched over me with a tenderness I had never experienced before.

At last it was time to go. We hugged the coast-line, chugging gently past fishermen pulling in their catches of young octopus and shrimp, towards Porto d'Ischia—and the last steamer.

Then catastrophe. The boat's motor stopped. At first I laughed, it seemed so absurd. But when I realised that the steamer was due to sail within a few minutes I became panicky.

Gianni worked feverishly on the engine and Salvatore grabbed the oars and began to row. The engine suddenly gave a violent shudder, roared for a few seconds—and then sighed back into silence.

By now we could see the steamer weighing anchor and reversing out into the bay...

An evening walk

I was almost frantic with worry about what my uncle would say when we did not return to Naples, and as soon as we landed I ran to the telephone exchange.

Fortunately, my uncle was out, and my explanation was taken without question by the maid.

Gianni then took Kristine and me to his mother's home, telling us that in the summer she took in tourists as paying guests.

That evening Gianni and I walked along the sea front to the pavement cafes, where the most vivid thing in my memory was the wonderful ice-cream—which even pushed all thoughts of Gianni from my mind!

The following morning Kristine and I left without seeing Gianni, and caught the first boat back to Naples and my uncle.

I liked the big, well-built Italian with his quiet voice and genuine courtesy, and I felt

that he liked me, too. But there was nothing more than that between us.

However, once back in Naples I felt I would be much happier if I spent the remaining week of my holiday in Ischia. Fortunately, Kristine felt the same. And, because Signora Borrelli's pensione was cheap, we stayed with the family.

Promised to write

By this time I learned that Gianni was an engineer on a large Italian liner sailing between Naples and New York. He was on two months' holiday before rejoining his ship. For every day of that final week I was with Gianni.

Then came our final day, when I had to go back to Naples. Gianni came with me to the station, where we found that I had made a mistake in the timetable, and would have a few more hours in Naples before the Rome train left.

We stood on the station platform, miserable at parting. Gianni made me promise that I would write, and I tried to warn him of the difficulties that lay ahead if we were to continue meeting each other.

I told him a little of my background, trying hard not to appear a snob. I explained to him that my world was different from anything he had ever imagined.

Gianni only laughed. And when I persisted he snapped his fingers at me in mock anger.

We kissed goodbye as the train was ready to leave, and then Gianni, the words tumbling out, proposed.

I was completely taken aback. For what seemed an eternity I did not know what to say. Then I told him that we hardly knew each other and that we should wait.

Gianni could only just hear my words above the noise of the train.

Once home in London I felt utterly despondent without him, and a week later I told my mother that I thought I had fallen in love with an Italian boy.

She was wonderful. She didn't scold me or argue. She just told me not to worry, but to try to forget.

Then I told my sisters. Elfrida, my youngest sister, was thrilled. But, then, Elfrida is a romantic. She thought it was the most wonderful thing ever to happen to the family.

Rose, who is older and the most sensible of us all, suggested that I should think seriously about it, but the final decision had to be mine alone.

Gianni's first letter was polite and not too closely affectionate, and I wrote back to him in much the same tone. I had now convinced myself that I was only writing to Gianni to improve my Italian.

The fact that I had bought a set of teach-yourself-Italian gramophone records still didn't make any difference to the importance of actually writing in Italian. Or so I thought.

I even tried going out with other boys. But, although they were nice, it was no good. In comparison with Gianni they seemed pale and insipid; their public-school background and impeccable manners even annoyed me slightly.

Then, when I failed to find comfort in someone else's companionship, I took a new job as secretary.

Perhaps, in time, I might have got over my love for Gianni; but one day, quite unexpectedly, a letter came for me from my aunt in New York. As a postscript she had written:

"By the way, a young Italian friend of yours came to see me the other day. His name is Gianni. I liked him; he seemed rather nice."

Mother worried

That was the first time any of my family had met him. And the wonderful thing was that my aunt shared my opinion of Gianni.

From that moment on, I hoarded all my money like a miser, until by April last year I had enough to get me back to Ischia.

All this time I had kept my secret, even from my father, although I am sure he knew, for he must have been surprised when Italian letters continually arrived for me.

My mother looked worried when I left home, but I suppose she felt it was better for me to see Gianni and perhaps get him out of my system.

I, too, thought that when I saw him again

he would be different. Ischia would be cold and all our favorite places closed.

But no. Our reunion was all that I had secretly hoped for. Gianni was even more wonderful to me than before, and after a week with him in Ischia I went back to Naples and took a job as a children's nurse.

I felt that now I must learn something of the Italian way of life, and perhaps then I would find some real obstacles to our marriage.

Gianni changed his job to be nearer me. He gave up his better-paid position on the liner to become an engineer on the Naples-Capri ferry, and we saw each other for a complete day at least once a week.

"I want to marry"

Six months later I left Naples and Gianni. I knew then without any doubts that this was the man I was going to marry.

The parting made me so unhappy I almost cried.

But my decision did not comfort me. On the train home to London I was desperately miserable. I looked out of the carriage windows with unseeing eyes. The countryside was blotted out by my mental picture of Gianni.

By now he would be back with his parents in their home in Ischia. I knew he, too, would be thinking about me. Tomorrow Gianni would be up before daybreak and I would be at home facing Mother and Father.

They waited until I had unpacked and tidied myself up before my mother said: "Well, Amelia, what are you going to do?"

I tried not to hear her words. This was the moment I had dreaded. How easy it would be for everyone if I lied to both my parents and myself about my love for Gianni.

I tried to look away. Then in a rush the words came tumbling out:

"I want to marry him."

My mother and father's reaction was just as I had expected.

This should have been the happiest moment in their lives. But, instead, I knew that in

— Continued overleaf

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Page 10

£50 for the story of YOUR sacrifice

● *Amelia Eden considers that her world of bright lights and Mayfair sophistication was well lost for the love of an Italian ferryboat engineer.*

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My World Well Lost For Love

their hearts they were both terribly worried about me.

Quietly and sensibly my mother began to talk. She pointed out the biggest obstacle to our marriage. Gianni was a Roman Catholic and I had been brought up in the Church of England.

Our talk ended with a compromise. I promised my mother I would do my best to meet as many other people as possible, that I would go to parties and carry on just as normal. And perhaps...

The answer to the unfinished question was an impossible one for me.

I kept my promise and went to as many parties as possible, and made several new boy-friends. In a way I even hoped that I might meet someone who could take Gianni's place. If I did it would solve so many problems!

Date set

But Gianni's letters to me only strengthened the bond between us, and finally we decided to get married in September.

I told my mother and father again that I still wanted to marry Gianni, and intended to go to Ischia a few weeks before the wedding.

My father pointed out that I could not possibly spend only a few weeks in Italy before my wedding. "Go in September," he urged, "and get married at Christmas."

I met my father's suggestion halfway. I would go to Ischia in July and still be married in September.

By now my parents realised that nothing would make me change my mind about Gianni, and from then on they did everything they could to make me happy.

Gianni and I met in Naples, and he took me straight away to his mother and father, with whom we had to discuss what was to become the most important factor in our marriage—religion.

Gianni's family are devout Catholics, and Gianni has an uncle who is a priest. The Borrellis wanted the marriage to be in church with full Mass conducted by Gianni's uncle.

I, too, felt my religion strongly. To me it was a deep and highly personal thing, not to be changed only for the sake of convenience.

We never argued but talked quietly and sensibly, and I knew that Signor and Signora Borrelli respected me for my opinions.

But my life in Ischia was not all difficulties. For the Borrellis gave me the house in Casamicciola which is now our home.

I was completely entranced by it. It was small—only two main rooms—and had a kitchen and a modern bathroom.

Many people who thought Ischia was still primitive visualised me walking several miles to a well to draw the day's water supply. But the house has efficient plumbing—and an electricity supply with both AC and DC current fittings.

Because wood is scarce in Italy, our floors are made of marble—much easier to clean and so fresh to look at. Apart from that, the marble makes the house cooler in summer. Our bedroom had concealed wall lights and we later fitted a built-in wardrobe.

As there are no open fires in our house, furniture arranging was easy, and I ordered a mildly contemporary dining-room suite from London.

By this time a solution had been found to our religious problem.

A local church dignitary said it might be possible after all for us to have a complete church wedding without me becoming a Catholic. But we still could not have a wedding Mass together in the church.

And then one day, when I had been out all day and arrived home hot and tired, "Mamma" Borrelli, as I called her by now, told me a young Englishman was waiting to see me.

He was sitting outside in the shade of a fig tree and as I approached him he stood up and stretched out his hand. We chatted formally for a few minutes, and then he introduced himself. He was a journalist from a national newspaper in London.

Press invasion

During the interview I never realised the possible repercussions of what followed; but within 24 hours the Press had seized on my marriage to Gianni as a "riches to rags" story. Our private lives immediately became public property.

The Italian magazines promoted my brother John, who is Conservative M.P. for a Bournemouth Division, from plain "Mr." to the peerage, and the Press demoted Gianni from an engineer officer to a seaman.

In the meantime my mother arrived from England, and I introduced her to Gianni and his family.

She was completely charmed by the natural friendliness and genuine kindness of the Borrellis, and I think all her last-minute fears completely disappeared when she saw my surroundings.

By now representatives from nearly every newspaper and magazine in Europe and America were squatting on our doorstep. And eventually we were forced to hold daily Press conferences.

Fresh trouble

It was after one of these conferences that all our old religious trouble broke out again.

One of the reporters stayed behind and quietly told my mother and myself that the church officials now believed that we could not be married in the church unless I was converted to Catholicism.

I felt as if the bottom of my world had dropped out. That day I went to see the Bishop of Ischia, and he confirmed our worst fears—he told us we could not have a church wedding.

There were only two days to our wedding when my mother went to see the Bishop. She came home smiling and showed me a statement from the Bishop. It said:

"For particular reasons we agree that the marriage (mixed religion) of Borrelli-Eden will be celebrated in the Church of Sant' Antonio, excluding the Mass and the solemn nuptial benediction."

I later understood that the Bishop had heard me say that I was not going to change my religion just for the sake of a church wedding and that I refused to be adopted into the Catholic faith without having any of the preliminary examinations. I think this rather impressed him.

We were married on a Sunday—a favorite day for Italian weddings—and on that hot September morning I awoke to the sound of hundreds of voices. Outside, the streets were packed, and the narrow lane leading to the Borrellis' home was a seething mass of people.

As the time of the wedding drew near I found it almost impossible to leave the house. Photographers and film cameramen swarmed into the Borrellis' garden, and as I climbed into my car they almost spilled into the seats beside me.

At the church the scene was indescribable. My brother had to fight his way into the chapel, some of our own guests were pushed out, and a priest

leaped up shaking his fists and saying that if there wasn't order there would be no wedding.

Pushing and surging around us, the crowds in the church almost shoved us towards the altar steps, and there, above the noise, the priest, Dom Vittorio Jacono, pronounced us man and wife.

Gianni, smiling and proud, tightened my hand into his and took me, my mind a complete whirl, out of the church into the street.

One of the newest hotels in Ischia gave us a wedding reception as a gift, and in their verandah lounge, which overlooks the beautiful Bay of Naples, stood our wedding cake. It was five-tiers high, with a model of Gianni and myself standing at the top, Gianni holding the Italian flag and me with a Union Jack.

The Bishop of Ischia also came to the reception, and, dressed in his wonderful purple robes, gave a sermon, which in Italy is a great honor.

Fortunately, Gianni and I had guessed that the photographers might even want to follow us on our honeymoon, and the owner of Ischia's most expensive hotel, a Milan millionaire, lent us his high-powered motor-boat, which sped us away out to Naples immediately we left the reception.

I was so very happy and the world was good.

Immediately we returned home, Gianni had to go back to sea, and gradually, with help from his parents, I settled into the Italian way of life.

Cheap living

When Gianni is away, which is for three weeks in every four, I have lunch with the Borrellis. Like most Italian families they have only one main meal a day—a dish of macaroni or spaghetti made with wine and tomato sauce, followed by meat, fish, or egg. Meat is bought not by the joint but in thin slices, and grilled on an open fire.

Gianni is comparatively well paid. He earns the equivalent of £50 a month, although his promotion prospects are poor. But I have found that I can live cheaply and well in Ischia.

In the future we hope to move farther up the hillside and build a home on the slopes of Monte Epomeo, the now extinct volcano that ruined much of Ischia years ago.

There Gianni and I hope to run a small hotel and have a family of three children. And there, I know, the perfect peace and happiness that I have found with my Italian husband will remain with both of us—always.

Continued from previous page



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

BRISBANE from Petrie Bight (above), where wharves line the river near the heart of Queensland's capital city. In the background is the 303 ft. tower of the Brisbane City Hall; St. John's Cathedral is on the extreme right. Brisbane, with a population of 543,000, sprawls over 385 square miles along the Brisbane River. Both these pictures are by Lionel Keen, of Brisbane. **SURFERS' PARADISE** (below), Queensland's famous coastal resort sandwiched between the Pacific Ocean and the Nerang River, with the 20-mile Gold Coast stretching away in the distance to Coolangatta and the New South Wales border. The Gold Coast, Australia's richest playground, has accommodation to suit all tastes—from luxury hotels to caravan parks and camping-grounds.



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THE FIRST WOMAN HANSARD REPORTER

● Australia's first woman Hansard reporter is Mrs. Jessie Edwards, 25-year-old mother of a five-year-old son, of Claremont, W.A.

MR. EDWARDS began work last August as a junior on probation at the State Parliament, Western Australia, working under her father, Chief Hansard Reporter Mr. W. J. Chinery.

Her appointment was confirmed three months later. No woman had ever before been considered as a Hansard reporter.

Said Mr. Chinery: "Maybe it was due to male prejudice, or perhaps to a belief that the job put too much strain on women."

Mrs. Edwards was encouraged to apply when she heard that two women had been considered unsuccessfully for the job.

When the job was re-advertised, Jessie competed with two others. They took three minutes' dictation at 152 words per minute, seven minutes at 140, and 10 minutes at 132.

Jessie got the job.

Her salary, as the most

junior member of the reporting team, is £1495 a year.

Her work takes her to both Houses—the Council and the Legislative Assembly.

"I've always liked shorthand," she said. "My father gave me my first lessons when I was 12."

"I hoped that one day I might become a Hansard typist, but never in my wildest dreams did I imagine I'd be a reporter."

Jessie described the work: "When the Council and the Assembly are sitting each reporter alternates between the two Houses taking notes for 15 minutes at a time, with 45 minutes to dictate the 'turn' to a high-speed typist, read the typescript, and correct it."

"When one House rises, the length of 'take' is reduced from 15 minutes to 10."

"This goes on from 4.30 p.m. to all hours of the night, and sometimes into the early hours of the morning," she said.

"A Hansard reporter keeps as strictly as possible to the

FIRST PICTURE ever taken in the Legislative Council shows Hansard reporter Mrs. Jessie Edwards with (standing) messenger David Carrick (behind left), Clerk of Council Mr. J. B. Roberts, M.B.E., and (right) Clerk Assistant Mr. W. G. Browne, The Hon. Sir Charles Latham, President of the Legislative Council, is in the Chair.

Members' own words," explained Mr. Chinery, "but it stands to reason that when a Member speaks impromptu some alteration is necessary."

"There is no definite ruling on alterations to be made, but we eliminate repetition and correct grammatical errors. Once slang was frowned upon, but in recent years there has been a tendency to report colloquialisms within reason."

"We would not, of course, report bad language."

There are Select Committees or a Royal Commission to report during the hours in which Parliament is not sitting, even in recess.

Publication of debates in the English Parliament was instituted by William Cobbett, who began publishing his "Political Register" in 1803.

After eight years he sold out to his printer—Thomas Curzon Hansard. He and his descendants published the report for nearly 80 years.

The early Hansard report had rivals, one of them being "The Mirror of Parliament," which had Charles Dickens as one of its reporters.

Hansard continued to be published privately until 1908, when the Government took it over completely.

The first editor of Hansard was Mr. James Dods Shaw, later knighted, and the first office was in a Westminster house in a room which had formerly been a lady's boudoir.

Sir Winston Churchill has paid this tribute: "I should like to say we all have great confidence in Hansard."

Commander Stephen King-Hall, a British M.P., thought so highly of what Hansard had done for democracy that he founded The Hansard Society, a private organisation, to publish books and pamphlets on Parliament, and a journal, "Parliamentary Affairs."

Political leaders, especially Germans, were invited to Britain to study parliamentary methods.

As far as is known there are only two women Hansard reporters in the world. Mrs. Edwards is one, and the other is a Mrs. Winder in the House of Commons. She was appointed during the war.



SHORTHAND NOTES, after a spell of reporting, are read back by Mrs. Edwards (left) to senior Hansard typist Mrs. Olive Lamphee. The reporter makes necessary alterations to speeches, such as correcting grammatical errors, as she dictates; these are shown on Members' duplicates.

E218A

HOLLYWOOD FACELIFT FOR OLD SEAPORT



WILLIAMSTOWN, Victoria's oldest seaport, has been invaded by Hollywood glamor for filming "On the Beach." RIGHT: Nelson Place, which runs along the waterfront, will be used by producer Stanley Kramer in the filming. ABOVE: The Naval Dockyards (left), where shooting will also be done aboard the aircraft-carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne and submarine H.M.A.S. Andrew.



Historic Williamstown as "On The Beach" setting

● Hollywood has invaded Williamstown, a seaport with a colorful past, to film "On The Beach," a colorful story set in the future.

WHILE Nevil Shute's story predicts events of 1962, the real story of Williamstown — Victoria's first port — was created in the rollicking, tough days of last century.

Williamstown is the historic Melbourne suburb where the first sailing ships weighed anchor in the 1830s and where convicts were imprisoned in hulks moored in Hobson's Bay.

Just now it's a glamor-coated city, for producer Stanley Kramer is on the scene with his top-flight cast, including sultry Ava Gardner and handsome Gregory Peck and Tony Perkins.

"Old days"

For the movie, scenes will be shot aboard the aircraft-carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne and submarine H.M.A.S. Andrew in the Williamstown naval dockyards, and some of Williamstown's streets will also be filmed.

Hollywood seems far removed from the days when men went to sea in sailing ships, when it wasn't safe to walk down Nelson Place at night, when "Doggie" Watson's pub was internationally famous.

But for the film Williamstown is having a facelift, and Stanley Kramer is trying to recapture some of the atmosphere of the old seaport.

Although Williamstown is still a naval base, most sailors on leave head straight for Melbourne.

In the film they'll stay in Williamstown, enlivening the

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

nightlife of what is now a highly respectable suburb.

In its seagoing prime, Williamstown was quite different.

A man who can tell all about it is Captain Hartley Watson (no relation of "Doggie"), aged 87, one of the town's best-known "old salts" and president of the Historical Society.

He was the son of a sailor, and from the age of nine loved nothing more than rowing round the clippers in Hobson's Bay, dreaming of the faraway places from which they'd come.

Young Hartley's father was determined he'd have a shore job, and until he was 20 he worked in a shipping office at a "comfortable wage" of £2/10/- a week.

But then he couldn't resist the sea any longer, and applied for a job on a barque, for which he was offered £1 a month.

Aboard it Hartley Watson made his first sea trip under sail.

Later he served on a number of sailing vessels, voyaging round the world.

Then, in 1903, he entered the tug service, and was a master for 41 years "with never a day off sick."

In his sailing days he met men all round the world who, as soon as he mentioned Williamstown, asked if "Doggie" Watson's hotel was still going strong.

Those were the days, said Captain Watson, when Williamstown was a dusty, dirty

town, swept by north winds, with 35 hotels all in a radius of a mile and all frequented by men from sailing ships.

"Doggie" Watson's pub, with its sawdust-covered floor, was famous, and his two attractive daughters were the idols of all the sailors. One, Mrs. Elizabeth Allen, still lives in Williamstown.

Brawls were frequent, and the piano was near the pub's window so that anyone getting obstreperous during a sing-song could be heaved into the street.

"Doggie" got his name through one of the numerous dogs which came to his hotel to drink beer.

Contrasts

The city of Williamstown, with its population of 30,000, comprises Newport, Spotswood, and Williamstown, and is situated on Gellibrand Peninsula, 9½ miles from Melbourne by rail and 4½ miles as the crow flies.

It is a suburb of contrasts—small weatherboard houses, old bluestone buildings, and large homes like the one owned by Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Garnsworthy, on The Strand, overlooking Hobson's Bay.

"We have been here 38 years," Mrs. Garnsworthy said, "and, like most people born and bred in Williamstown, would not think of moving."

Ugly industrial works such as oil refineries, coal, forge, and engineering, glassworks and flour mills are relieved by the picturesque waterfront, the delight of many artists.

Community activity is keen,



ARTIST and sculptor Marjorie McChesney Mathews with one of her oil paintings of Hobson's Bay, which is seen from the garden of her 80-year-old home on The Strand, Williamstown. Melbourne's skyline is in the background.

possibly because of Williamstown's peninsular location.

The Historical Society, affiliated with the Royal Historical Society of Victoria, has a wealth of material to work on, and plans, with the assistance of the Council, to establish a museum.

Tales of the days when Williamstown was a convict settlement, as well as Victoria's chief port, are told by Mr. Davey, secretary of the society, and Mr. W. P. Evans, another society member.

Mr. Evans tells the story of a Williamstown man who found a signed confession in a secret drawer in a house he was occupying.

The confession was to a brutal crime committed last century, but, as descendants of the writer were respected citizens of Williamstown, the finder considerably burnt the document.

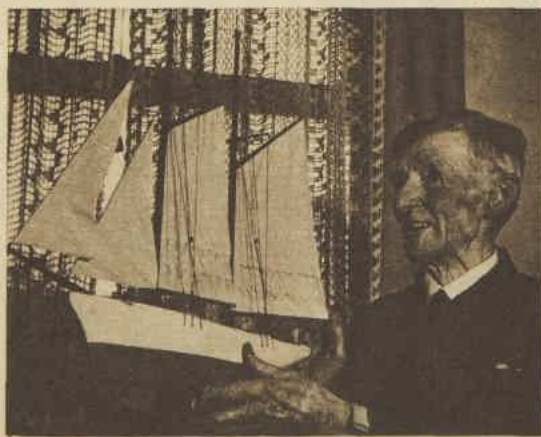
One of the best-remembered and time-distorted incidents of the convict days is the murder of John Price, Inspector-General of Convict Establishments.

Mr. Davey said: "I know of at least nine houses in Williamstown which claim to have a room where Price was murdered."

"But the truth is he was murdered by convicts a couple of hundred yards from the old Time Ball Tower on Point Gellibrand."

This tower was used to signal the time to shipmasters. A large copper time ball was dropped at 1.00 p.m. every day—a practice continued till 1926.

Williamstown is well known as the home of the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria. The club, founded in 1853, has occupied the same site since.



CAPTAIN HARTLEY WATSON, aged 87, with a fore-and-aft schooner model he's had since he was six. Captain Watson, born and bred in Williamstown, first went to sea in 1891.

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PIPED FROM THE CHURCH by Derek Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Rose pause on the steps of St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Mrs. Rose was formerly Robin Corner, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lance Corner, of Vaucluse. Wyndham is the third son of Mrs. W. Rose, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. Rose. Robin and Wyndham will live at Double Bay after a honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Ian McClintock, of "Milford," Cootamundra, and his fiancée, Robin Harpley, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Harpley, of Coolac. Ian is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe McClintock.



WED IN ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Marchbank, who were married in Corbridge, Northumberland. The bride was formerly Anthea Cunningham, of Collaroy, the elder daughter of Mrs. H. Waller and the late Mr. E. de B. Cunningham. Anthea met Michael while on a working holiday in 1957, and came home to see her family last year before returning to England to prepare for the wedding.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 4, 1959

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

PERHAPS I shan't be in Sydney much this February, as there are no fewer than six picnic-race dates in my diary—and think how marvellous to see all those country folk again.

Crookwell is first away from the barrier, on February 12, followed by Boorowa on the 19th, a two-day meeting at Glen Innes on the 24th and 25th, then Cooma and Goulburn, both on the 27th.

SPORTING fans will be interested to know that hurdler Fleur Mellor (remember she won a bronze medal at the Empire Games in Wales) will marry engineer Brian Wenham at the Penrhurst Methodist Church on February 7. Among the guests will be Gloria Cooke and her husband, Brian Wigney, Nancy Fogarty and her husband, John Atterton, the bride's cousin, Ken Rosewall, and his wife, Wilma.

JUST had a ring from Karoline Lelong to tell me that there's an informal dance at the St. Ives Masonic Hall on January 31. Karoline is the publicity officer for the Eastern Suburbs Younger Set of the Far West Children's Home at Manly.

MUST remember to keep February 7 free . . . it's Vice Commodore's Day at R.M.Y.C., Port Hacking.

FIRST performance in Australia of "The Soldier's Tale," by Stravinsky, will be given on Saturday at the Conservatorium. The musical ensemble will be led by Ernest Llewellyn, and John Alden, Henry Gilbert, and Moray Powell will be the speakers. Proceeds will aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

Anne

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Murray Jacques (formerly Rosemary Powell) signs the register at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, watched by her husband and her father, the Rev. Gordon Powell, rector of St. Stephen's. Murray is son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jacques.



ABOVE: Round the barbecue are (from left) Michael Arnott, Sally Martin, of Casalis, Richard Swift, Pam Green, of Wellington, and Jane Austin, of Gulgarnbone. They were among the ninety young guests at the gay party given by Elizabeth Moore, Sally Nagel, and Jon Leahy at Elizabeth's home in Bellevue Hill. **BELOW:** Michael Moses (left), of Willow Tree, Sally Nagel, of Mosman, Jon Leahy, of Goroka, New Guinea, Warwick Vyner, of Armidale, Peter Green, of Wellington, Elizabeth Moore, and Ian McLean, of Orange.



HOT-WEATHER FASHIONS



● Cotton gingham—a perfect choice for any summer climate—is shown above in lilac and white check. The dress is sleeveless, has an easy fit, self-banded waist, and scooped-out neckline. Ultra-large pockets trim the skirt.

The clothes here are chosen to solve the hot-weather fashion problem of how to look chic and keep cool. The easy silhouette and the short hemline continue in fashion, and both are real air-conditioners. Watercolor pastels are in vogue, but think, too, in terms of black and white or a high-keyed strawberry-pink. A pretty color can look just as cool as white—and often far more fascinating.

—BETTY KEEP



● What's cool and chic when the temperature soars? The chemise; and for an extra measure of drama, the one above is made in black-and-white awning-striped cotton. Open gold leather sandals complete the ensemble.



● The short skirt line is here to stay, and at left it is seen in perfect partnership with a shirtwaist blouse. Added interest is the color combination—blue and white flower-printed skirt matched to a vivid blue top.



• Separates, and delightfully different (above). The wide skirt combines five melting pastels, the blouse is beige. Note: In hot climates a sunshade becomes a pretty and useful summer accessory. This one is finished with a tiny self-ruffle.

• Hot-weather dress (below) combines a pretty color and simplicity of line. The bare-armed bodice is low at back and front, the skirt flares slightly to the hem. A cotton head bandeau and the bracelet are matched to the dress color.



• The season's version of the front-buttoned cont-dress (above) looks chic in striped strawberry-and-white cotton. A belt placed high, empire-style, and the straight (from this point) fall of the skirt is new. The bodice is sleeveless.

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FATHER



"For goodness' sake, Henry — all the child wants to do is to take out your appendix."

MOTHER



"Are you sure that they are VERY valuable stamps that you swapped your new scooter for?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

OPTIMISTICALLY, I embarked this season on a self-education course in cricket, via TV.

I thought it might help me take a more intelligent interest in current conversation, but already have been baffled by helpful instructors.

You will notice under those pictures of Meekiff's action (page 3) the differing opinions given by experts.

Cynthia Strachan, who wrote the story (and who, incidentally, is a keen cricket follower), told us that one English player said: "If I threw like that there wouldn't be an Australian left alive on the field."

I repeated this boast to a man who visited the office during the Test.

"But that's silly," he said. "You can bowl a ball much faster than you can throw it."

"Can you?" I asked.

"It stands to reason," he said, shaking his head at this example of female idiocy. "Look, I'll show you . . ."

He banged his hand on the door knel and went away nursing his wrist.

I stored away this bit of information, trotted it out a night or two later at a restaurant.

"What nonsense," said the gentleman on my right. "Of COURSE you can throw a ball faster than you can bowl it."

"Can you?" I asked. (There are a few things on which I do not presume to argue. Cricket is one of them.)

"It stands to reason. Now, take baseball."

"Look, I'll show you . . ."

"Did you want something, sir?" asked a waiter, hurrying forward.

"I was just trying to explain to this lady," said my instructor, "why you can throw faster than you can bowl."

The waiter opened his mouth to speak and apparently thought better of it. This was a decorous restaurant and there must be a rule about not arguing with the patrons.

So things are exactly where they were at the beginning of this paragraph.

THERE'S another aspect of women and cricket worth mentioning.

Those women who become keen on the game reach a partisan fervor seldom surpassed by men.

Last week a friend told me about his mother, who refuses to watch cricket on TV.

"I can't," she explains. "It upsets my nerves too much, so I just listen to the wireless the way I always have."

She isn't an isolated case.

I remember my grandmother, back in the 'thirties, sitting late into the night nodding in her armchair, listening to the Test broadcasts from England.

As the fire flickered to ashes she would sit so still with the earphones on her ears (she used a crystal set) that the rest of the household believed her asleep.

Suddenly, a shriek, "Oh, my Lord," would resound through the house.

"What's the matter, Mother?" someone would cry, rushing to her aid.

"Bradman!" she would gasp. "He's out!"

STAMP enthusiasts are conducting a campaign for better design in Australian postage stamps.

Attached to a circular I received recently were some real stamps and some designs to show how much prettier they could be.

"If you are a normal Australian," ran one sentence in the circular, "you will be bitterly ashamed of the postal atrocities, which, year after year, pour in a steady stream from the presses to make Australia the laughing-stock of the civilised world."

Oh, no. If you are a normal Australian you won't be bitterly ashamed at all. If you are like me, and millions of others, you will agree that there are prettier stamps, but you won't care much.

Arnold Bennett once said that it was the "passionate few" who kept great books alive.

In fact, it is the "passionate few" who get anything done — from preserving shade trees to accomplishing political reforms.

They're seldom "normal." They are too obsessed with their particular hobby-horses.

But when it comes to accomplishing things they leave normal people for dead.

A TIMELY letter this week comes from Mrs. David Knight, of Willow Farm, Countegany, in the Monaro district of New South Wales.

As a country mother with two of her four children taking correspondence lessons, she asks for "one tiny scrap of sympathy for those of us who have the little dears about us all day."

She continues, "We never regret the holidays. Only darkness or hunger brings my kids home, though the law says they must not go out of earshot without permission, must return immediately if summoned by voice or cowbell."

"The return to school, which calls forth so much lyrical appreciation, is another matter. We also return to school."

WRITING in the British "Medical Press" Dr. Guy Daynes said that dog owners tended to grow like their dogs.

*Take a lady with a Peke,
Fluffy, and inclined to speak
With a short, sharp, nervous yap.
Did she always? There's the trap.
Note her friend who owns a Collie
(Used to be large, bluff, and jolly)
Now is noble, sad, and wise,
Wears a fringe that hides her eyes.
Foxies' owners—look at Gert—
Tend to manners brisk and pert.
Pooches of aggressive breed
Give the courage humans need.
Do they change and is it true?
Or perhaps—another view—
Owners pick the doggy traits
Suiting their peculiar ways.*



RAYMOND BURR, Perry Mason of the famous TV show (Sydney's Channel 9, Melbourne's Channel 7, Tuesdays 8.30 p.m.), looks lonely as he leans against the wall of his Malibu Beach home.

NO TIME FOR COURTING IN BURR'S BUSY LIFE

● The Perry Mason Show has rocketed to a coveted position among Australia's top-ranking TV shows, and its star, Raymond Burr, has achieved amazing personal popularity.

BURR says he receives 2000 fan letters a week, a "good number" from Australia. If the telephone calls and tender inquiries made for him at local TV stations were

added to this, I'm sure he would be staggered.

Recently, however, Burr has been criticised. How does he always win? Is he trying to do hard-working Lieutenant Tragg and District Attorney Burger out of jobs?

One TV critic said recently that Mason must lose a case soon or he would lose popularity, because, traditionally, Australian sympathy always goes to the underdog.

Burr has disarmed critics and soured viewers with a reply that cuts the ground from under their feet.

"I'll never lose a case, because all my clients are innocent," he said blandly.

"As for District Attorney Burger and my seasoned adversary, Lieutenant Tragg, don't worry about them.

"They win all their other cases. They only lose to me."

Perry Mason undoubtedly will be provided with a long

LEFT: Enormous fireplace dominates Burr's living-room. Built-in steps to the bookshelves make mantelpiece sitting easy. BELOW LEFT: Burr with one of his pets. BELOW: With his teenage niece and nephew, Phyllis and Frank Vitti.



line of innocent victims because of his TV popularity ratings. And Burr, a perfectionist, works hard to prove their innocence and bring complete authenticity to his courtroom scenes.

The show has actually received high praise from law institutes and associations.

Burr, who is 41, tall, trim, and sunburned, is wifeless at present, after two marriages and divorces. He often gives the impression of being lonely.

He courts this impression as he courts high ratings, for his busy working schedule gives him little time.

His two ruling passions at present are his TV show and his combined Malibu Beach home and one-acre farmlet, where he gardens madly, raises fowls and ducks, and looks after his pets.

He lives alone, does his own cooking, on which he dotes, and when he entertains, entertains at home with lavish suppers.

Burr works five days a week, Mondays to Fridays, at the Perry Mason Show. His working "day" lasts from 3.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. He collapses at home on Saturday, and gardens all day Sunday.

"Tell me how I can court a girl with that schedule and I'll get married again," Burr said recently.

If he finds a third wife she'd better be one who likes dieting and gardening. Burr has to diet constantly to keep his own weight down to 15 stone, and he loves gardening.

He plans to be a nurseryman and sell dwarf citrus trees when he retires from TV. At present he is absorbed in experiments developing a new strain of begonia.

TELEVISION PARADE
By NAN MUSGROVE



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Homework - and how to interpret report cards

● When a child has trouble with homework and appeals to mother or father for help, what is a parent to do?

There are many teaching methods, and there are different ways of doing even so simple an operation as subtraction. A parent cannot be sure which system is used in the child's school.

EVEN if a mother were ideally equipped, even if she were a trained teacher, she might not be the right teacher for her child.

A child knows when his mother or father is dissatisfied with him, and his fears do not help him to do better.

For reasons of this kind, many teachers are rather doubtful about the "help" which parents try to give their children with the schoolwork they have to do at home.

But some of the help that parents give their children is practical and direct, although it does not take the place of the child's attempt to learn.

If a parent can make a troublesome problem clear to a child, that's fine. If he can help him over the hump in some difficult subject, that is all to the good.

But if strained relations and tense feelings begin to develop, parents are wise to keep hands off. It would be better to leave the actual doing of homework to the child and talk over any worries about his work with the teacher.

Parents can help their children to consider the work assigned as an essential part of schoolwork. They have to get it done, just as they have to do the work required of them while they are in school.

Child's own responsibility

Homework is, of course, the child's own responsibility, and parents must hope and expect that the boy or girl will take it over. But children need our help in taking on and carrying out their responsibilities, whatever these may be.

We are most helpful if we consider when, where, and under what conditions the child can best do his work.

For most boys and girls, having a regular place and time helps them to get at their homework and do their best with it.

Every child needs a desk or table and chair of the right height for his size, with good lighting and enough space to set out the work.

If there is no space in his own room, give him the dining or kitchen table or a corner of the living-room to himself. Brothers and sisters have to learn not to disturb him.

The time for homework need not be the same hour every day. But even when the hour itself is movable from day to day, boys and girls

must come to feel that a certain stretch of time is committed to homework.

Mothers and fathers also help just by being interested in their children's work. Carl, in fifth class, was writing his first long "term paper," which was on Alaska.

His father brought a reference book from his office which he said might be of help. His mother happened to come across some old magazines in the attic, and brought down two issues that had articles about Alaska, with pictures.

Of course, we should seek a balance between offering interested help and pushing adult standards and ideas on the child. We want to preserve his curiosity, his initiative, and his own fresh approach.

Marks and report cards

Teachers and parents have argued against giving children marks and sending home report cards.

They say that getting good marks and good reports is made to seem important to the boys and girls rather than what they are learning. They say that marks can be unfair to a child and misleading to his parents.

Marks take no account of different abilities. They do not record how hard a child is trying, nor do they tell how or why he has lost interest and stopped trying altogether.

Yet in spite of all the objections, schools still find that they must give marks of some kind and that they must make some kind of report to parents. There seems to be no other way to check on each child's progress and to keep the parents informed of it.

Marks and report cards can be genuinely useful when we understand how to use them.

John has a D in spelling but a B in science and a B in arithmetic.

This does not necessarily mean that John is not working hard enough in spelling, and that if he did he could bring that grade up to his others.

What it may really indicate is that spelling is hard for John, and no matter how hard he works at it he may never get more than a D.

This does not mean he will never learn to spell at all! He is learning, although with difficulty, and each term he can spell more words and harder ones than he could the term before.

And he will keep on learn-



ing—as long as his teacher, and especially his parents, keep up his confidence or at least do nothing to shake it.

A poor mark should mean to us that our boy or girl needs encouragement and help in doing better, rather than punishment or scolding.

If a child is having trouble—and that is what his poor report does tell us—then our disapproval of him can hardly help.

If he is working hard and getting nowhere, parent and teacher together should begin looking for the trouble or arranging for him to get extra practice.

It is our task as parents to see that a child whose poor report shows trouble gets the help he needs. We cannot teach him ourselves, but we can do our part to keep up his morale.

We can also help him get the extra attention he needs in his schoolwork, whether it is through a remedial reading class, special coaching in arithmetic, or whatever else he needs.

Many children go through a temporary slump in which they seem to be skidding towards failure in everything.

Sometimes it is only a leveling off in learning, what is called a "plateau."

Or a boy or girl discovers some new interest that is all-absorbing for the moment, and everything else is being neglected for it, including school.

Suppose our boy or girl regularly brings home a poor report. Does it mean he is not trying? Does it mean he does not care?

We have no reason to think so. Failure in anything that his parents and other people think important is always painful to a child. He begins by caring.

We are the ones who can discourage him from trying, and lead him to behave as though he does not care, if we fail to appreciate the effort he is making and the difficulty the work gives him.

We do him an injustice, too, when we measure his progress by comparing his work with another child's. The only way to measure his progress is

FOR HOMEWORK every child needs a desk or table, with good lighting and space to set out the work.

against his own work in the past.

In our disappointment at a poor report card we tend to forget that studies are not the only measure of a child, perhaps not even the most important one.

What is "bright" and what is "dumb"? Schoolwork is only part of a child's experience and achievement. Children learn and develop in many significant ways, for which they receive no school marks at all.

Competition in school

In a group of any kind, whether in the family, in the neighborhood, or in school, children are bound to compete with each other.

Some children are more competitive and some are less so, but each one feels some need to measure himself against some of the others.

Competition is all right in its place, but parents can over-stress its importance to the child without realizing that they do so.

Jack's father has given Jack the impression that he has to be a leader in everything. "How come you're not a monitor this year? Jim's father says Jim is a monitor."

Jack tries to explain to his father that the monitor jobs are passed around so that different children get a chance, but his father looks unconvinced.

What the boy would really like to tell his father, if he could find the courage, is that he does not like being a monitor at all, that he is not happy bossing other kids around, that he enjoys being one of the crowd.

There is nothing wrong with his preference. Actually, it is the father's competitive feeling when he is with another father that is making trouble here.

This is understandable and it need not do either child any harm, provided we are careful not to impose this pride upon the child. When we goad a child to compete in order to

Sidonie Gruenberg gives more advice on how parents can help their children in the early school years.

mother, paying for purchases and learning to count the change.

Or they help father measure for shelves he is going to build, and then they help him build them.

They become acquainted with maps and have a glimmering of geography from the road map mother holds in the front seat and from signs along the road.

They make the acquaintance of history when the family stops at a point of historical interest and mother or father reads from the tablet about the events that took place there.

Parents take their children to see things that are not part of their everyday experience: a farm, the factory district of a nearby city, a museum, a busy airport or railway station.

Parents watch for motion pictures and television and radio programmes that are entertaining for children and also enlarge their acquaintance with the world and its peoples.

Parents answer questions, and they ask questions, too, and go with the children to find the answer. Every such experience contributes to a child's learning in school, as well as out of it.

Don't stand over him

The more we know, the more we want to know, and this is so for boys and girls even more than for grownups.

Teachers find that learning of many kinds is easier for children who are well informed than for those who know little of the world beyond home and school.

Parents can help a child considerably with his reading, but not by standing over him while he struggles painfully with his first reading book.

Learning to read is slow work, and so toilsome for many children that we can hardly blame them for doubting whether it is worth the effort.

We read to our children stories they enjoy and information they want, out of books that are still beyond their power to read to themselves. When they are able, we invite them to read to us.

When we talk with our children around the supper table, or while riding in a bus or doing the dishes or the dusting together, it is merely talk to us.

But to teachers, the talking that children do with their parents is an aid to reading, writing, spelling, grammar, and any part of schoolwork that has to do with words.

The school attempts systematically to extend the child's horizons. And the more the boy or girl makes his own attempt through reading, through getting about and seeing and hearing, the richer is his background for receiving new ideas and new experiences.

Experiences that help

School alone does not provide boys and girls with all their education. They learn in many ways.

In their hobbies and the projects that they carry out with friends, in clubs and at camp, they gain important skills and knowledge.

And some of the learning that helps them most in school is contributed by their parents.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

LAST year I went through that soul-searing experience of sending my first-born to school, and as her younger sister will be among the new pupils this year I'm hoping we won't have to go through the same painful adjustment period. I've done my best to prepare her, but I think school authorities could do more to help. While not suggesting that each school should hire a merry-go-round or arrange for a streamer-festooned waggon to collect new pupils, more attention should be given to those first important weeks. Five-year-olds would probably be healthier and happier if they were required to attend only half-days at school when starting. If this couldn't be arranged, perhaps big schools could assimilate new pupils gradually over the first fortnight, giving more individual attention to the newcomers. Although this would mean more work for prep, school teachers, it would prove less exhausting in the long run, and the little ones would appreciate school much earlier.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Prendergast, Gippsland, Vic.

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if sports centres could be established in the suburbs for young housewives and mothers? A weekly half-hour at squash or badminton would improve the figure and banish those housework blues!

10/6 to N. Kennedy, Ringwood, Vic.

NOW that summer's blazing, there's the usual criticism of men's dressing, but sometimes I wonder if they don't wear more sensible clothes than us women. In contrast, I need a cotton dress for morning, feel I should change in the afternoon, and need something different again for the evening. So maybe all that criticism is unjustified after all. The perennial question "What shall I wear?" never worries them. My husband puts on a pair of sports trousers, a nice shirt, carries a tie and sports coat, is tidy and suitably dressed for day or night.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Jackson, Eaton, W.A.

ONE often hears an unmarried woman pitied because when she is old she will have no one to brighten her old age. But is a married woman with a family any better off? Close to me lives a widow of over 70 who has children, and grandchildren as well. Each weekend she hopefully expects them to visit her, but nobody comes. It's most pathetic to see her waiting long at the gate, but eventually giving up. We neighbors try to cheer her, but she needs her own folks—it's obvious, though she never complains. So her lot, to me, is no different from that of the elderly spinster living alone.

10/6 to Mrs. Karen Lindstrom, Springwood, N.S.W.

I THINK the entrance age to Australian universities should be 20. Many students who enter at 17 or 18 have not decided on a vocation, but those a little older have learnt something of the world and made up their minds.

10/6 to Miss M. Wilson, Beaconsfield, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

IF you ask me, I think most Australians hate gum trees. My sister built a new home in virgin bush, keeping the gum trees with their native birds, leaving the bush with its boronia, heath, waratah and native rose, iris and spider flowers, orchids and banksia. Alongside her house are rows of bleak new homes with not a tree in sight. Each weekend the neighbors curse lawns which will not grow, grub out stumps, mend their expensive lawnmowers, and try to establish gardens which would have looked unique if some trees and wildflowers had been left.

10/6 to E. J. Walker, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Modern comfort?

I'D like to contradict the view of Mrs. A. Finnis (24/12/58), who seems to think that all young moderns have mod. cons. When I married two years ago I went to live in what was virtually a shack, with the addition of a new living-room and kitchen. Certainly I had a fridge, but no electric lights, vacuum cleaners, or polishers. Until my baby was born nine months ago, kerosene tins, tubs, and buckets were the order for washing day. Fortunately I now have troughs, copper, and a wringer. I know I'm not alone. There are many young couples in similar circumstances. So please, Mrs. Finnis, don't think we all have it easy!

10/6 to Mrs. L. Lodge, Dukin, W.A.

Family affairs

OUR young son was like a human fish — always at taps, hoses, mud-pies, playing with water wherever he could find it. So I decided to give him "water jobs," and pocket-money if he carried out his tasks properly. Now he's seven and a half, responsible for giving water to the budgies, canaries, and dog, does the dish-washing, hoses the verandah, the lawns, and his own small garden. All is done thoroughly and left clean. I allow him to play boats in the bath, knowing all will be left tidy. Now two problems are solved. First, I have a happy, helpful boy and, secondly, have no water and muddy footmarks tracked through the house.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ortman, Plympton, S.A.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been disappointed with some of the food shown lately in refrigerators in shop windows.

It is out of touch with reality.

One fridge, for example, contained several large pork fritz and liver sausages and two bottles of apricot brandy.

What a strange menu for a family! You can imagine the talk in the morning:

"What's for breakfast, Mum?"

"Liver sausage and apricot brandy."

"Oh, not again! I wish we could have eggs."

Another fridge was filled with bottles of beer and plates of jelly—an unpleasant combination.

I have never in my life heard of a beer-and-jelly party.

All the food, moreover, looks too new.

They ought to show a well-hacked piece of cold lamb, a left-over custard, and a bowl of dripping. There is never any dripping in a shop-window fridge.

Shops don't give enough guidance

COLD FACTS

in the art of fridge-packing. I have even seen them put small jars in the tall-bottle section — a maddening habit.

An aunt of mine used to say: "You can always judge a woman by the inside of her refrigerator." And there is some truth in it.

Often you find a well-groomed



woman with an ill-groomed fridge. Look at Mrs. Boomchick.

She will smash an egg and not bother to clean it up. She keeps meat too long. She has queer things in jars—old gravy or retired mayonnaise—that should have been thrown out.

Sometimes she defrosts when there is deep-frozen fish in the fridge, and the result is horrible.

When my wife suggested there was a right and a wrong time to defrost, Mrs. Boomchick laughed gaily and said: "Frankly, dear, I never need defrosting."

There is also the opposite type, of course, like little Mrs. Groole.

Mrs. Groole has no sex appeal, but her good qualities shine out by fridge-light.

She only has a 6.6-cubic-foot model, but packs more into it than many women do in an 8.4-cubic-foot job.

One look into that fridge and you recognise Mrs. Groole's cleanliness, energy, and foresight.

Unfortunately, Mr. Groole did not appreciate these qualities. He disappeared a long time ago.

A young man contemplating marriage should always take note of the way his girl-friend runs a fridge, if she has one.

By the time he finds out, it may be too late.

The trouble is he is not usually thinking about refrigeration.

Less one umbrella

BY HEINZ NONVEILLER

HE tried hard to keep the foreign accent out of his voice, but it was no use. He was never any good at the telephone, where he tried to be more distinct than he could possibly be. Talking through the telephone always exhausted Joseph, but at the same time it made him happy, too, because he was speaking to Irene, and it was worth the effort.

"See you at two o'clock then, darling," were his last words before he hung up and left the telephone-cabinet. Three pennies lighter, but twice as happy, he commenced to stroll out of the post office, down the marble stairs and across Martin Place.

He was oblivious to the shuffling time-is-money-faced crowds, oblivious to the noise and dirt of the frantic traffic, oblivious to everything except the sunny Saturday morning, which even the towering grey-brown walls of the tall buildings couldn't completely hide.

His step was light, his heart ever so much lighter, and after a while of carefree walking he found he was altogether too light.

It was then, at eleven o'clock, on top of Martin Place, that his life began to rock back on its heels in the landslide-like disaster upsetting its calm flow. He discovered he'd lost Irene's umbrella.

Only last night she'd lent it to him on her doorstep, the rain beating the pavement below. He'd promised to return it the following day, and they'd even had a good laugh about a foolish joke of his.

"Are you sure you can trust me with it, darling?" he'd asked. And she'd answered that she was certain he would lose it at the very first opportunity.

And so he had.

Only this wasn't part of the joke any longer. He stood there red-faced, wishing he'd never made such a joke. He should have known better. This kind always turned against you and made you a fool.

Abruptly he turned on his heels and sped back down to the post office with fluttering tie. Many a pair of eyes turned towards him in mild surprise, noting the expression of utter terror on his flushed face. Surely he wasn't the type to get involved in anything nasty? So handsome and well dressed. But, then, he looked like a foreigner, and with them you never knew, did you? Better look out for tomorrow's paper. It might be in!

And then he stood before the telephone booth. He knew that this was the one where he'd left the umbrella standing in a corner—and he was dumbfounded.

In the amazingly short space of five minutes the umbrella had managed successfully to take to its feet and vanish.

And that was that!

Tragedy!

He didn't know how long he stood there. He only knew that at this moment he hated the big city with his whole foreign heart. He felt the way he had felt when he'd first stepped on Australian soil, a stranger in strange surroundings.

He felt beaten by the city.

Then he began to walk from teller to teller, inquiring for the umbrella; whether one had been found recently.

The lady at the change counter looked up with wide blue eyes, and smiled winningly.

"Now it wouldn't have been a lady's umbrella, would it?" she asked cheerfully.

Joseph almost jumped out of his shoes.

"Yes — a lady's umbrella," he managed to stammer.

"Fancy," said the lady vaguely. "Now what on earth made me so sure it was a lady's umbrella?"

Joseph stared uncertainly at her.

"No," she said. "I am so sorry. We haven't any umbrellas here at all!"

He gave a dirty look, which was answered once more by the winning smile.

There was nothing more to be done here, and so he marched out into the sun, feeling a hundred years older.

Being a man of action, however, he didn't remain inactive for long. Maybe he could put it over Irene; buy an exact duplicate of the one lost!—well, maybe! Irene wasn't born yesterday, either.

But it was worth trying. Everything was!

Presently he found himself among a multitude of umbrellas of all kinds. He described to the old, tired-looking lady what he was after, and she promptly produced something quite contrary to the description.

"No," he said. "It's blue! Blue and short. With a grey handle!"

The old lady began to dig into the colorful jungle, and came up with something else. Joseph began to suspect that she was deaf.

"Blue—with a grey handle!" he shouted at her.

The old lady gave him an indignant look, nodded, and went on showing him green, yellow, and red umbrellas.

Nothing seemed to bear the slightest resemblance to the umbrella he wanted, and after fifteen minutes of fruitless searching he knew more about umbrellas, and how they changed with the fashion.

This year they were slender, the old lady mumbled. Slender and more sophisticated.

"Like the prices," Joseph said dryly.

"Oh, well, the prices—naturally! What about this one here, sir?"

"No—! Not red! Blue with a grey handle, forming a curled leaf!"

"Forming a curled leaf? Blue, did you say?"

And so it went in several other places. After two hours of intense and frustrating searching he was finally forced to admit defeat. Neither luck nor perseverance was going to obtain the impossible for him.

He had ended up in a large shop near Hyde Park, and presently he dropped on a bench opposite the War Memorial, exhausted and desperate. There was no escape from the problem. He would have to face Irene this afternoon without the umbrella. What would she think of him?

After a while of fruitless pondering, however, a typically male impulse not limited to the English race overcame him. He was gripped by an increasing desire to eat. To eat away all his worries with one big meal, and, overwhelmed by hunger, he drifted into a nearby restaurant.

He had started his meal when he heard someone speak.

"Joseph—how are you?"

The speaker was well known to him. Bad luck seemed to be hard on his heels all the time.

"How are you, George," he said faintly.

George dropped into the place opposite

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Joseph found himself among a jungle of umbrellas, none of which seemed to be the one he wanted.



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The Trouble with Lazy Ethel

By **ERNEST GANN**

ADAM'S recording barometer was placed on the spare desk in his office. It was enclosed in a glass case which he removed every eight days to wind the mechanism. The device itself consisted of a clock-driven metal drum around which he secured a strip of paper each time he wound the spring. Vertical lines on the paper divided it into segments of eight days, and it was further marked with parallel horizontal lines representing the divisions of atmospheric pressure.

As the drum turned, a scribe filled with red ink recorded the rise and fall of pressure on the paper. The scribe was activated by sensitive metal bellows and so the result was a fine line of red ink tracing the pressure changes. Since the day segments were further divided into hourly intervals, a very accurate history of the atmospheric pressure on Nikki was constantly visible.

The instrument expressed pressure in inches of mercury, the red line rising or falling accordingly. On Nikki, Adam had never seen any erratic movement of the line. Ever since his arrival it had maintained a remarkably constant pattern, the line undulating in easy wavelets, rising slowly through the day and descending gradually towards evening.

This formula had become so monotonous that Adam had occasionally wondered if the barometer was working properly. The peaks of the red line rarely exceeded thirty and three-tenths inches of mercury, and the valleys had never descended below twenty-nine and nine-tenths inches. These readings were normal companions to fine weather in any part of the world.

Now Adam stood aghast before the glass box. The last time he had looked at it was just before he went to see Pike. He saw that the red line had not departed from its habitually innocuous tracing until about an hour before he had left. Then it had begun a gradual descent, levelling off for approximately another hour at twenty-nine and nine-tenths inches of mercury.

The line's behaviour during the next two hours caused him to emit a low whistle, the tone matching the descent of the line as if he were reading measures of music. For two successive hours the red line had plunged almost straight down, until now it terminated at an even twenty-nine inches! And apparently it was still descending!

The lowest pressure Adam ever remembered hearing or even reading about was twenty-eight and three-tenths. That pressure had produced winds of one hundred and thirty miles an hour... Supposedly the last recording before the anemometer itself was destroyed.

Wherever its centre might be, and it could be very near, this storm was evidently not going to be any Lazy Ethel! It was going to be a beast, even if the scribe failed to descend another millimetre.

Adam quickly removed the glass cover from the instrument and peeled off the paper graph. He wrapped a fresh paper around the drum, replaced the glass cover with hands that were far from steady, and started for the door. Then he paused very briefly for a last glance at the barometer. He was not at all sure he would see it or his office again.

He ran down the street, his long legs striking far out in front of him. By the time he reached Pike's house he was gasping for air and wet with perspiration. He labored up the steps and saw Doolan and one of his Marines playing cards on the magazine table. Neither of the Marines bothered to acknowledge his arrival with more than a grunt.

It was dark in Pike's office, so dark that Adam was at first uncertain if the figure seated behind the desk was actually the man he sought. The voice reassured him.

"What's on your mind now, Mister Smith?"

"Governor, you've got to listen to me!"

"I thought I told you to stay in your quarters."

"Will you please turn on a light? I've got something to show you. It's extremely important."

"I couldn't turn on a light if I wanted to. The generating plant is shut down and you of all people ought to know why."

Adam fumbled for a moment with the strip of graph paper he had removed from the barometer drum.

"I don't know how I'm going to explain this to you, sir, but there is a storm. I have the proof right here. Please, haven't you got a flashlight or something?"

"No. I do not have a flashlight. At least one that works. And the reason that I haven't is because you are not the only idiot on Nikki. We even have our dishonest idiots. Now will you go back to your quarters like a reasonable man and wait until I send for you? Even a man in my position is entitled to some privacy."

Pike's voice came out of the gloom in patiently measured tones as if he were convinced he was dealing with a lunatic. There was also a distinct note of weariness, almost an appeal for understanding, which Adam had certainly never heard before. It was only with the greatest effort that he kept his own voice as calm.

"Governor... please. I know... I admit you have every reason to think that I'm out of my head. But there is a storm! You've just got to believe me. There is one hell of a blow coming and you've just got to do something about it right this minute."

"I believe you," Pike answered with such unctuous patience that Adam wanted to jump around his desk and haul him out of his chair. "I do indeed. If you say there's a storm, then of course there is one. That ends it. Now will you go... quietly?"

"No, I will not go. Not until you get those people off the north side of Nikki. I don't know for sure just where this storm is, but I'm convinced it is between us and Trigger, which would bring it in from the north. Those people just couldn't be in a worse position."

"I see. Where do you recommend I ask them to move? Up or down? We are short of both submarines and balloons."

Pike allowed a very taut ho-ho to escape his lips.

"Please, sir. This is very serious."

"You are absolutely right."

"If my guess is right we haven't much time. Those people should be moved

down to the south side of Nikki as fast as possible. They should be sent to the highest available ground and stay there. It may mean their lives, sir... not to mention our own. This has all been practically confirmed by other stations and even by Tuamani."

"Good old Tuamani," Pike said. "They also confirmed Lazy Ethel. Very agreeable people."

Adam could contain himself no longer. "For heaven's sake, Governor! Will you listen to me with an open mind?"

Then even in the darkness he saw Pike's fingers form themselves into their triangle. "Will you have the good sense to look at this?"

He placed the graph paper before the shadowy figure in the chair and after a frantic search through his pockets found his matches. He struck one, and the flare revealed not only the paper but Pike's cold appraisal of Adam's violently shaking hand.

"Just what is this gibberish?" Pike asked. "I'm afraid I am not much interested in stock-market trends at the moment."

"Our barometer readings for the past four hours."

Trying to control his finger, Adam managed to guide it along the red line. "See how it took a dive? Normal — that is, standard pressure — is twenty-nine and ninety-two hundredths inches. When I took this off the recorder just a few minutes ago it was already down to twenty-nine. A typhoon like the one that wiped out Wake Island probably didn't go much lower."

The match burned Adam's fingers before Pike spoke again. He had hardly glanced at the paper. "Look here, Smith," he said finally. "You have been under great strain... just why, I don't know. Perhaps I am the one to blame for it. Now, young man, I want to help you in any way I can, but if you think I am going to be taken twice for a fool and ask our people to move ten miles across the lagoon in the middle of the night, which it would be by the time we got there, you're very much mistaken. I don't want to be any more severe than necessary, but if you persist in annoying me and don't leave this office at once in a quiet and peaceful manner I shall be forced to call on Sergeant Doolan for assistance."

"There is a storm? Won't you recognise scientific fact? This is not something I invented! Throw me in irons! Shoot me! Do anything you want, but for the love of heaven get those people down to the south side of Nikki now! If you don't you may well be a murderer!"

Adam had not realised that in his anxiety he was pounding his first so hard on the desk all of the pencils and paper clips jumped from their positions. Then from the gloom he heard Pike's voice cut through his own and it was the high cry of a professional drill master.

"Sergeant Doolan! On the double!"

"You can't possibly realise what a wind force like this can do..."

Adam was not able to finish before he felt Doolan's hand seize his arm. "Yessir?" Doolan said.

Pike was standing up now and he said coldly, "Sergeant, Mister Smith is

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from your post on the porch?"

"Yessir."

"Mister Smith is having trouble with hallucinations. You will bear witness that his shouting was violent and of a threatening nature."

Doolan hesitated and glanced unhappily at Adam. "Well . . . it didn't sound too friendly."

"You heard him accuse me of being a murderer?"

"I did not say that!" Adam protested. "I said that if you didn't move those people . . ."

"I think you've said quite enough. Sergeant, for Mister Smith's own protection I think it best that he be placed in protective custody. You will take him to his quarters and see that he remains there until further orders."

"Yessir."

"Dismissed."

As the pressure of Doolan's hand tightened on his arm, Adam jerked away. He faced the dim figure of Pike. He was thoroughly angry now. Pike just had to listen.

"You can't do this to me. I'm a civilian! I demand . . ."

"This island has been declared in a state of emergency for several hours. Under those conditions I have full authority to perform my duty as I see it. Take him away, Sergeant."

As Doolan shoved him towards the door Adam yelled over his shoulder, "But what about the storm? Sir, this is madness!"

"It certainly is. You will bear witness, Sergeant."

There was no arguing with Doolan. Though he was a good foot shorter than Adam, the



As Margaret spoke to the crowd Adam could not but admire the clarity and confidence of her voice.

Marines had taught him well. He was an expert at escorting a man to a destination which might not be of his own choosing. He did say, "Sorry, fella," as he propelled Adam across the porch and down to the road.

Pike watched them through the window, then returned to his desk and sat down again. Was there anything else that could go wrong? Now he was saddled with a madman, or at least a man who was suffering much mental tribulations. It was going to be difficult taking Smith over to the north side when the boat returned. He would undoubtedly start yelling again, accusing everybody of all kinds of things, and at the very least it would be extremely embarrassing. But he couldn't be left behind, either. Left alone he might cut his wrists, hang himself, or some such messy thing . . . and Tuamani would send down investigators on top of investigators.

Technically he was still a Government responsibility and his family could bring all kinds of charges. The thing could snowball and might even become another Jeanette inquiry. A whole Congressional Committee had been called on that little episode, and even the best advocates of the United States Navy couldn't save the reputation of the Jeanette's commanding officer. Pike recalled,

with sorrow, that the Jeanette affair had also concerned antagonism between a civilian and a military man. Moreover, the civilian, whose name Pike tried desperately to recall, had been assigned to that expedition as weatherman. Personal persecution was alleged and near proved, even though both parties involved had lost their lives before the inquiry was held. It made no difference that the affair took place on a ship locked in Arctic ice. It was a U.S. Government ship, and it could just as well have been Nikki.

Pike rose from his chair and began circling his desk very slowly. All right, what could be done with Smith. A complete pain in the neck ever since the first day he became noticeable, which would be the very first night on Nikki. Which would be the time he more or less said the movie was not going to be rained out, and it was.

Reviewing that incident with distaste, Pike recalled that he had said a few sharp words

on the matter, intended more to express his disappointment than anything else. Had it begun then? Had Smith nursed those statements, allowing them to ferment in an already troubled brain until everything said to him was taken amiss? If so, Pike was sorry, very sorry, he mused, for people in mental distress deserved sympathy and understanding. Yes . . . every person involved in a project like Zeus should be cleared through psychologists before they were hired. Then their presence would not present a lot of problems to operational personnel who had enough troubles without delving into motivations and kindred mysterious manifestations they were not trained to recognise. Much less offer any cure.

He sat on the edge of his desk and picked up the strip of graphed paper Adam had left. He studied the red line. Here was a perfect example of what a tortured mind could produce. A trained medic would know

exactly how to handle it. How to sympathise and satisfy Smith was a "Section 8." The Army had once issued a complete manual on the treatment of psychos. He should have read it more carefully.

His own attempts at agreement had obviously been all wrong, for he had only succeeded in making Smith become more violent. Pike did remember reading that the first step in the pacification of any demented personality, whether suffering from shell-shock or otherwise, was agreement. All right. At first he had deliberately agreed there was a storm, and what happened? More nonsense.

He was about to crumple the strip of paper and throw it into the wastebasket when he thought better of it. No. It should be kept. If there was ever an inquiry, particularly one which might somehow try to advance the proposition that he was a fiend incarnate and had devoted his entire time on Nikki to the persecution of a single innocent civilian, then this reflected the unhappy scrawling of a sick mind possessed by one Smith. What tortures he must suffer, having now apparently convinced himself there really was a Lazy

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A PARROT CALLED HENRY

A short short story

By CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

BECAUSE our newly bought grey parrot had been owned by a missionary, I assumed that its vocabulary would be most respectable and its accent a sort of Edwardian Oxford. I also assumed that it would generally be dignified in behaviour and friendly to all men.

However, it seems that repression acts in the parrot world as in that of adolescents and children. Henry, our parrot, must have been repressed pretty badly; certainly he broke loose when he came to us. Teenage rocking round the clock was nothing to the exhibitionism of Henry.

Laura, my wife, had always wanted a parrot, but feared that such a bird would roost on the arms of the Empire furniture. It seemed an aunt of hers had had a bird who did that.

Then there was Nandi, our little girl. She had been a parrot enthusiast ever since the day when an ancient bird had been sold in a country house sale for half a crown; my daughter had been too small for her bid of three shillings precious pocket-money to be noticed by the auctioneer.

For my part I had no love of parrots. I thought of the good, kind people who had contracted parrot disease. I thought of the master in my school who had lost his parrot on a Thursday and found it drunk on the premises of a local inn on the Sunday. This same man was devoted to parrots, but he wasn't a nice master, and I realised then that parrots didn't make people gentle or kind or understanding.

We probably would have escaped the companionship of Henry had he not been left in the charge of the local rector by a missionary, who then wrote to say that he was not returning for five years, and would the rector please sell and give the money to missionary funds? Our rector, who is a 20th-century saint, was delighted to sell Henry. The bird was offered to Laura when she called with a bottleful of old motor sump oil for the pulleys of the bells. She came home less five pounds but with Henry.

Nandi, our little girl, was home on holiday from school.

She was out on the lawn watching my labors with the motor-mower. Our motor-mower is of the "tut-tut" variety and it makes more noise than an Army tank. Neither Nandi nor I heard Laura coming up the long lane by the beach.

Looking up after emptying the grass-box I could see Nandi wearing the expression which clearly indicates that a six-year-old is on the threshold of its long-desired heaven. Then I heard a shout which was louder than the beat of the motor-mower and noticed Nandi's expression turn from bliss to slight horror.

Laura had got out of the car to open the gate. On her shoulder sat the grey parrot whom we were later

to know as Henry. His beak had taken hold of one of the large door earrings which my wife favors.

"Help," shouted Laura.

"Come on, Daddy," said Nandi. "Let's save Mummy."

We hastened over. Even as we reached the gate the parrot gave a cunning twist of his beak and pulled off the earring.

"Oh," said Laura vigorously, "he's learned a trick, all right."

"Didn't it hurt, Mummy?" asked Nandi.

"Not a bit, he knows—"

But Laura did not finish. The parrot on her shoulder gave a short shake of his head, a swallow, and the earring disappeared down his throat.

There was an awed silence, and the first to speak was the redoubtable Henry himself. He said shrilly, in the sunny air, "A good deed done."

Nobody argued or agreed with him, and we all went into the house. Henry took to Nandi at once and started to undo her pigtails. It was obvious that, like swallowing earrings, it was one of his accomplishments.

After lunch Laura said to me, "Do you think that Henry will die because he has swallowed that earring?"

I shook my head.

"He's done that a hundred times, my dear. He'll swallow the other one tomorrow if he gets the chance."

Laura shuddered and said, "The Women's Institute are coming to tea. We've a demonstration on voice production and dramatic recitation."

Laura and I looked at each other. Henry was in the lounge with Nandi. I said, carefully, "Henry is the wrong

man, darling, to have about the place when the W.I. are coming."

"And voice production," replied Laura. She added, "The rector mentioned that Henry has a lot of chatter in him at times. The missionary taught him to recite 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'."

"And Nandi is teaching him 'Davy Crockett.' Listen."

Nandi, who always preferred teaching to being taught, was giving Henry a lesson. He was a quick learner.

"We'll have to keep him out of the way this afternoon," Laura said. "We'll put him in the secret room."

That seemed a glorious idea. In our ancient house is a room reached by a trapdoor, which was probably used for Cavaliers. It had a skylight, and was ventilated only by a small chimneypiece, so that he could not escape.

We put Henry in the secret room half an hour before the first ladies were due to arrive. He didn't like the idea at all, and neither did Nandi. She said it was cruel, but we explained that it would be even more cruel to allow the meeting to be ruined. And, anyway, if the little room was good enough for Cavaliers for days it was surely good enough for one grey parrot for two hours.

But Nandi made us put lump sugar and water and milk chocolate up there with Henry. He seemed

pleased enough with the arrangements, and the last I heard as I lowered the trapdoor was him muttering, "God save Zanzibar."

I went to my study to write. Nandi went to arrange her dolls in their ultra-modern, open-air hospital on the lawn, and Laura started to receive the W.I. After the first loud talking the meeting settled down to a steady energetic drone and theatrical speaking.

The lecturer was a lady who had been on the stage, and who was now married to a local-government official. A wonderful performer, she had produced a pantomime for charity for five years in the market town.

Quite suddenly there came a tremendous yell from the lounge where the W.I. were having their meeting. I stood up, for I knew that this yell was too lifelike in quality to be connected truly with the voice production or the dramatic recitation. It was the stuff of real drama, of life and death, of heaven and hell.

I opened the door of my study and listened. After the silence came a great confused conversation, with a scuffling sound and the voice of Laura, calling, not too softly, "Henry; come along, Henry."

I went slowly downstairs. I opened the lounge door and looked in. Everything was in confusion, there was a fine dark mist about and what I took to be a large, dark crow flying about dangerously. It was Henry,

She was determined to prevent the soot-covered parrot from snatching at her earrings.

covered with soot, and sending out showers of it about the room.

Most of the ladies, some with blackened faces telling of the affectionate gestures of Henry, had got out on to the lawn. But the lecturer was trapped. I hadn't realised that she was going to recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus" in character.

She was lashed to an imaginary mast made of a standard lamp. While others could retreat from Henry, our speaker was held. She was trying to lift the standard lamp, but it was very heavy, having half a hundredweight of sand in its base to keep it upright.

Laura saw me and shouted, "Get Henry. He's after her earrings!"

The "skipper's daughter" was wearing earrings, but she was putting up a fight to save them, though hampered by the lamp.

It was Henry who ended it all. He suddenly perched on top of the sideboard and remarked, "Poor, poor old Henry. God save Zanzibar."

Nandi came in then, went straight up to the old parrot, and took his sooty body in her arms.

"My," said my daughter. "My, what have you all been doing to my friend?"

It was too much for anyone to explain. Then, with that dignity which comes to all six-year-olds when occasion demands, Nandi went on, "I shall take him to my hospital, a real patient."

They both disappeared through the french windows to the dolls' hospital. There Nandi set to work with a small brush, removing the soot from Henry's feathers. The W.I. came back; people got cleaned up again; and the speaker was released from the mast of the standard lamp.

Glad to escape, I went back to my study. Sounds drifted up to me: the slightly subdued voice of the speaker down in the lounge, and the small, soothing voice of Nandi as she restored Henry to his old dignity.

And there was another sound, too: the voice of Henry, slightly husky, as if some of the soot had got stuck in his throat. There was all the magic of strange spices and faraway Eastern places in his remark, repeated again and again under the shady trees on an English lawn, "God save Zanzibar."

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TEST PIECE

BY
JEAN
BOWDEN

ILLUSTRATED
BY LASKIE

DEPENDING on which way you look at it, I suppose you could say my conduct was highly reprehensible.

I should never have introduced Marcus to Linda—that was my first mistake.

Marcus is one of those tall, handsome chaps that look as if they'd come off a Roman coin. Come to think of it, with a name like that, he could have. Marcus Superbus, that's him to the life.

Linda obviously thought him superb. I'd been giving a pleasant little brawl in my flat, and, naturally, Linda was there. She's lived in the flat below me for nigh on two years now, and darned more socks for me and cooked me more spaghetti dishes than I deserve. Whenever I give a party, Linda just has to be there, or it seems—you know—kind of incomplete.

She was helping me bring out fresh supplies of wine when she caught sight of Marcus pausing in the archway from the hall.

"My!" she breathed, hugging the cold bottles against her flushed cheeks. "Who's that escapee from a film studio?"

"He's the new designer at my place — I was telling you about him last night."

Linda turned to me and gave me a considering glance from under a raised eyebrow. "Only a man like you, Joe, could talk for a whole evening about a new arrival at the plant and fail to mention he looks like a film star."

"Does he?" I said blankly.

"Take my word for it. You say he's clever, too?"

"Tremendously."

"That makes him just perfect." She set down the wine bottles on a nearby table and hooked her arm in mine. "Come on," she said, "let's make him aware of my existence."

When I introduced them, Marcus' eyes lit up. Well, naturally. Even in a room full of pretty girls—as mine was that evening—it'd make your eyes light up to be introduced to Linda. He said "How d'you do?" in a particular sort of way that made it seem a subtle compliment, and before long she was glinting up at him with that sparkling smile of hers, and I was feeling a bit in the way.

The wine was still there on the table, too, instead of in people's glasses where it ought to have been. So I muttered a word or two and withdrew—not from tact but from duty, stern duty. I don't think they noticed my departure. Or if they did, it didn't grieve them much.

When the party began to break up Marcus was lingering around, while Linda helped me stack dishes and carry them into the kitchenette. I said to Marcus, "Bring the plates, will you?" and though he looked taken aback he complied. I think he did it because Linda was in on it. In the kitchenette we got in each other's way a good deal, because my kitchenette isn't big enough to swing a tadpole in. So I was bound to hear him when he said in a low, urgent voice, "I may see you home, Linda, mayn't I?"

"She only lives downstairs," I said flatly.

Linda gave me a look behind the cupboard door, which said plainly, "Mind your own business, you big oaf."

"Of course," I added, always willing to be helpful, "the stairs are dangerous. A girl could easily rick her ankle if she hadn't someone to hold her arm."

"Exactly," Marcus said seriously.

So he saw her home.

Next day we had lunch together—Marcus and me, I mean. It was his idea. I didn't much like his company, probably because he's half a head taller than me and I have to keep cricking my neck upwards to talk to him. It might also have been because I've got a broken nose from too much rugger, whereas he's got a profile like—well, like that Roman coin I was talking about.

"Great girl, that," he said as we waited for the waitress to bring our meal.

"Linda? She certainly is."

"Known her long?"

"Since I took that flat. About a couple of years."

"You and she seem to be very good friends," he hinted.

I don't know why I replied so hotly, "Certainly we're friends. She's looked after me as if she were my own sister."

"All right, all right," he said soothingly. "I can tell she's a nice girl."

At that moment Aggie, the waitress, appeared with the soup. Now Aggie is a dear old soul, five foot wide and with a smile to match. But nobody could call her exactly tidy, and, when she'd set down our chicken broth and gone, Marcus wrinkled up his perfect nose.

"I thought you said this was a good restaurant."

"So it is. The food's great."

"Mm. I suppose so. But really—do they need to have women like that?"—he jerked his head in Aggie's direction—"serving the food?"

"It tastes good whoever serves it," I replied in some perplexity. "Besides, Aggie's all right. No glamor girl, of course, but does that matter?"

Marcus gave me a pitying smile. "It always pains me," he said, "to have to put up with anything less than the best." He took a spoonful of soup, and added, "especially where women are concerned."

I gave my attention to my lunch, and he went on. "Now, Linda, for instance—"

"What about Linda?" I interrupted, swallowing my chicken broth quickly and looking at him in what I think was a very unfriendly way.

"She seems as near perfect as a girl can be, on first appraisal."

Disarmed, I agreed. "She's a marvellous cook," I announced, "and she can whip up a meal out of next to nothing. Economical isn't the word for it. And—" I gave him a brief resume of Linda's perfections. That was probably my second mistake.

"If she's so wonderful," Marcus pondered, "why haven't you snapped her up yourself?"

"Me?" I choked. "What would a marvellous girl like Linda see in a bloke like me?"

"You mean you're not engaged or anything?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'or anything,' but we're not."

He seemed to regard that as the all-clear, for from then on he began to shower his smiles and attentions on Linda. It pained me a good deal to find that on the occasion of my birthday—twenty-seven and never been kissed, at least by Linda—she didn't put in an appearance at all. This was especially bad, because when we discussed it about a month beforehand—that's to say about a week before she met the handsome Roman—it was agreed that she was going to bake me a birthday cake. I never got that birthday cake. I took it hard.

Of course she knew the party had taken place, because, when she got home from her evening's romancing with Marcus, my guests were trekking downstairs on their cha-cha-weary legs. She came racing upstairs, her hair flying and her cheeks flaming. She looked good enough to eat in place of the birthday cake.

"Joel!" she cried, hurling herself at me. "Why didn't you remind me?"

"Of what?" I inquired coldly.

"Of the fact that it was your birthday party tonight, you goof."

I replied with a great deal of dignity that if she needed to be reminded of a fact that she was perfectly well aware of, and, furthermore, had discussed with me not so long ago—and a great deal to the same effect. She looked at me out of her beautiful green eyes, tossed her short-cropped auburn hair, and said, "Well, if that's the way you take it when I come up and apologise!"

"You didn't apologise," I pointed out. "You only asked why I didn't remind you."

And that was my third mistake, because women of course hate logic, and one thing led to another, and it ended with us not being on speaking terms at all, which is a good deal

worse than not getting a birthday cake baked. I certainly wasn't winning any marks on this programme.

I soon learned what a fool I'd been to quarrel with Linda, because Marcus began to show himself as a definitely unsuitable prospective husband for her. When you work in a big plant like ours, you might think nobody gets to know anybody; but you'd be wrong. It soon began to be noised around that Marcus Cornwall was a perfectionist. That if anybody smudged his drawings or moved his slide-rule, he got distinctly cross about it. And that, by and large, the girls in the drawing department would be sorry for the woman he married.

And it looked as if Linda was going to be that woman.

I didn't spy on them. At least, not exactly. But she did live directly below me, and could I help it if the sound of their protracted goodnights drifted up to me, where I was sitting at the window with my ears flapping?

It began to worry me. Not so much the

goodnights as the long intervals when they weren't saying anything. I mean, when kisses last that long it's time somebody coughed politely to interrupt them. So I decided to do a little coughing. Figuratively speaking, of course.

I took Marcus to lunch. It was always easy to do that, because after the first week or so when the novelty had worn off, the other chaps at the factory took good care to avoid him. They described him as "a dreadful old prissy," and there was a lot in what they said. So I took him to lunch, and after Aggie had brought us our curried shrimps and he had



shaken his head at her rundown-looking shoes. I ventured, "You're seeing a good deal of Linda, old man, aren't you?"

He munched appreciatively and then nodded. I waited. He took another mouthful of shrimps. I said, "You know, Linda hasn't any relatives. I feel that I stand in the place of a brother to her, you know."

He finished the mouthful of shrimps. "Are you asking me if my intentions are honorable?"

"Well—er—yes, I suppose I am."

"Set your mind at rest then. I just want to make sure she's the right girl for me, and then I'm going to propose to her."

"You want to make sure—" That had me

boxed. "What have you been doing up to now? Testing out lipstick?"

"You don't understand," he said gravely. "It would be terribly easy for a man to throw himself away on the wrong girl. And marriage is so beastly final."

"Look," I protested. "You could search the whole world and you wouldn't find a girl like Linda. She's beautiful, she's kindhearted, she's capable, she's intelligent. And," I forced myself to add, "it looks like she's in love with you."

"Yes, she is," he agreed earnestly. "But," he went on, "though all you say about her personality appears to be the truth, how can one be sure? We—you and I—only see her

when she's on display. How do we know she isn't bad-tempered when she doesn't get her own way? How do we know she's tidy about the house?"

"Tidy about the house!" I exploded. "Great Scott, it's a beautiful woman we're talking about, not a puppy!"

"You're exactly the kind of man who lets himself be taken in by a girl who isn't good enough. For all we know, Linda may be quite different when there's no one at hand to watch her. She may be an untidy shrew—she may be a lazy—"

"Here—!" And I half rose out of my chair.

"Don't get irate," Marcus said pacifically.

"I was only speaking theoretically."

"All right," I sat down again. "But let it be clearly understood that anyone who theorises along those lines about Linda is going to end up with his head rolling around on the floor."

Aggie waddled up with our apple strudel just then and Marcus eyed her speculatively as she walked away again. "What if Linda grew to look like that when she was old?" he murmured.

At this point the whole thing seemed to me to have reached such a pitch of absurdity that I began to laugh. "Don't be crazy!"

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"My!" Linda whispered to Joe. "Who is the handsome stranger behind me?"



Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM 16½ and want to be a deb early next year. But I am worried about who to have for a partner. I am not much to look at, but I have a good figure. I'm not very popular with some of the boys. The older ones, whom I prefer to dance with, don't dance with me. There are only a few younger boys. The main worry is, I don't want to sit down most of the night when a deb should have a big night. I have a much better time when I go to dances in the close surrounding towns. Why is this? Is it true 'three times a bridesmaid never a bride'? I have been asked to be a bridesmaid for the third time."

"Nervous," N.S.W.

Of course it's not true; it is just a stupid superstition. A superstition is just a spit in the face of truth. They're made up to disguise it. The truth, in this case, is that popular girls are always asked to be bridesmaids because they have more friends. This superstition was designed, I'm sure, to give less popular girls a chance at this glamor job.

I think your deb partner should be someone you know well, and who will look after you. As you say, a debut is one of a young girl's big occasions, and it is important that you should have confidence in your partner. I think a close relative — a cousin or a brother — is often a good idea for a deb partner. I wouldn't worry about not having a good time at the dance. I'm sure you will; debbs always do.

I can't imagine why you have a better time at out-of-town dances. Perhaps it is because you imagine you won't have a good time, and act nervously or make it hard for a boy to ask you for a dance.

You can easily do this by sitting in a corner or some place where boys who are shy themselves have to make themselves conspicuous by getting to you to ask you to dance. Another thing girls often do to hide their eagerness when the music starts is to begin a conversation with someone close to them. Generally the conversation at such a moment is so animated that it is downright rude for a boy to interrupt and ask you to dance.

"I AM 17 and am in love with a boy of 21. I have been out with him a lot, but lately he hasn't paid any attention to me. I was sure he loved me, but now things have changed. Another boy asked me out at the time when my boy-friend liked me but I said 'No,' as I like my boy-friend too much. Do you think I should go out with other boys? This other boy is 19 and very nice. I do not love him at all, but he has asked me out many times. I have never gone out with him."

"Peach," Qld.

Of course you should go out with other boys. It is not necessary to be "in love" with a boy before you accept an invitation from him. All that is necessary is to like and respect him. Go out with other boys and enjoy yourself. You will get over the hurt of losing the other boy in time. It happens to everyone, but broken hearts do mend, and every mend makes them stronger.

"I AM a 16-year-old girl in love with a 19-year-old boy. Every six months he goes away to work and I miss him terribly. He does not write to me, as he does not like writing letters. Do you think I should go with other boys while he is away or should I wait till he comes back?"

"Lonely," Vic.

Go out with other boys while he's away. Sitting nursing your loneliness is a poor pastime.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

FROM all that I have read and heard about Frank Sinatra during the past few years, it would appear fairly evident that that thing he calls a heart is nothing more than a big muscle which pumps his blood. It's all the more amazing, therefore, that his singing seems to be so sincere — his love songs, I mean.

His first album for 1959 is a perfect example. In an earlier L.P., "The Wee Small Hours," you may have thought he sounded blue, but in "Only The Lonely" (W.1053) he's downright indigo. Actually, it's a collection of really miserable love songs, and I'd advise you not to play it if you're nursing a broken heart (or blood pump).

I think it's the best thing Sinatra has done, although more than usual credit goes to Nelson Riddle, who did the arrangements and conducted the orchestra. Some of his introductions are so close to classical music that unless one was in the know you'd think you were about to hear something by Berlioz or Ravel.

The title song, by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen, is called, rightly, a hymn of loneliness, and every other of the eleven songs is of a sombre hue. Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer contribute those two classics "Blues In The Night" and "One For My Baby," and there's also a seldom-heard lament from Rodgers and Hart called "Spring Is Here." I think you'll vote Frank's version of "What's New" is the most touching you've yet heard. Others to bring a lump to the throat are "Willow, Weep For Me" and "It's a Lonesome Old Town." To sum up: The whole platter's a gasser.

I'VE heard so many albums of Broadway show tunes that whenever a new one comes along I feel like reaching for earplugs. Guy Lombardo's second volume of "Decade On Broadway" (T.788) ranges from 1946 to 1956, and most of the tunes are so comparatively recent that I can't get much enjoyment out of them. However, if you have only one or two similar albums in your collection, you'll like this one. The newest items are from "My Fair Lady" — "I Could Have Danced All Night," "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face," and "On The Street Where You Live." They may win you, providing you can listen for the umpteenth time to tunes like "If I Loved You," "Hello, Young Lovers," and "Hey, There."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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A word from Debbie...

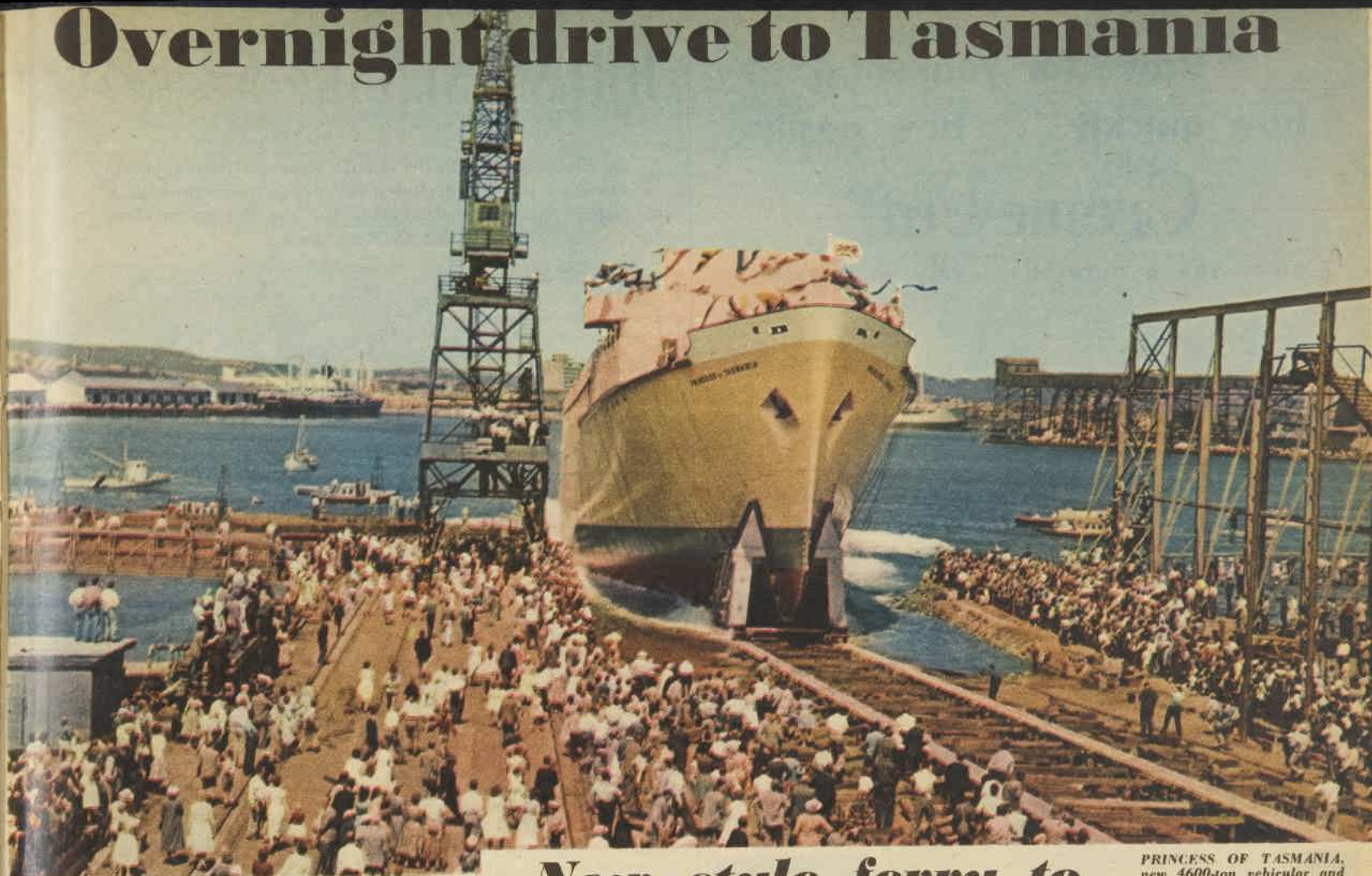
● St. Valentine's Day, February 14, is a day for lovers. On this day they—boy or girl—send their sweethearts a card that expresses in old-fashioned verse the sentiments they are too shy to voice. Hearts and flowers are entwined, paper lace and ribbons go to make the traditional Valentine's Day card. Valentine's Day beginnings are so old that no one knows exactly how it started. Records conjecture that lovers chose the day because in ancient England February 14 was the traditional date of the mating of the birds. It also coincides with the day on which, in pagan times, young men and women balloted for lovers.

The only thing the records are certain of is that St. Valentine had nothing to do with romance. He was a priest and an early Christian martyr. His unhappy link with February 14 is that on this day in A.D. 269 he was clubbed to death.

Traditionally, Valentine cards are never signed. They carry the message in the sender's handwriting: "Will you be my Valentine?" which means the sender is offering his heart.

In America it is a very popular feast. On February 14 the postman groans beneath a greater weight of cards than at Christmas-time or on Mother's Day. In Australia, amid great commercial joy, the day is becoming more and more popular.

Overnight drive to Tasmania



New-style ferry to boost tourist trade

● Next summer, mainland tourists will be able to drive their cars in comfort to Tasmania on board Australia's first drive-on drive-off vehicular-passenger ferry, the newly launched Princess of Tasmania.

DESIGNED for the Bass Strait service, the £1,000,000 Princess was built and is now being fitted out by the State Dockyard, Newcastle, N.S.W., and is scheduled to go into operation in November.

Her owners, the Australian National Line, expect the Princess to revolutionise the tourist industry in Tasmania. They hope that she will carry an extra 30,000 tourists each year from the mainland.

Anyone who has seen the launching of a big ship will agree that no matter how you try to stop it, that lump insists on coming into your throat.

When you hear the prayers for them "that go down to the sea in ships" and "all who in this ship now and hereafter shall commit their lives unto the perils of the deep," and see the composite work of hundreds of men glide gracefully down into the water, you would have to be very blasé not to admit to excitement.

This excitement ran through a crowd of thousands of New-

castle people, mostly dockyard workers and their families, and an official party of 500 guests from all over Australia, as they watched the wife of the Prime Minister, Dame Pattie Menzies, launch the Princess.

Everything moved like clockwork.

As soon as the supporting bilge blocks were knocked away, Dame Pattie said: "I name this ship Princess of Tasmania."

The champagne bottle burst against the bow in a spray of bubbles, the trigger was pulled, and the yacht-like Princess glided down the ways into the water to be greeted with a welcoming toot from every ship in Newcastle Harbor.

Ron Lacey, technical and business manager of the dockyard, said: "I've seen a good many launchings in my time, and I don't care what anyone says, it's a thrill every time."

"When you build a ship you build something of yourself into it."

Boilermaker Joe Grant, who has been working on ships for nearly 50 years, agreed: "Yes, she's a very nice ship—she'll be all right."

"A credit to the dockyard," said greaser Dick Williams, who has seen a lot of ships in his 45 years of shipbuilding.

Princess of Tasmania is the most complex job ever undertaken by the 15-year-old State Dockyard.

She has space for about 120 cars and overnight accommodation for 334 passengers—174 in single, two and four-

berth cabins, and the remainder in attractive lounges with aircraft-type reclining

seats. Princess of Tasmania will make three return journeys between Melbourne and north Tasmanian ports each week, making night journeys each way.

The tourist will drive to the special ferry loading dock in Melbourne between 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. The watertight doors in the stern will open, and he will drive over a long ramp from the shore on to the vehicle deck.

This deck extends from the stern almost to the bows of the 370ft.-long, 58ft.-wide vessel.

After driving up one side and down the other, he will park his car facing the doors,

PRINCESS OF TASMANIA. new 4600-ton vehicular and passenger ferry built for the Bass Strait service, slides down the State Dockyard slipways into Newcastle Harbor.

ready to drive off on arrival. Then he will go up to the passenger decks to a cabin or to one of the lounges.

For the night-owls there is a smoke-room with a bar and TV. Next morning, after breakfast in the buffet restaurant, he will go down to the vehicle deck and be ready to drive off at about 9 o'clock between 13 and 14 hours after the start of the journey.

Loading and unloading are completed in less than an hour.

Stabilisers, consisting of a retractable fin on either side of the hull amidships, will iron out the bumps of the notorious Bass Strait.

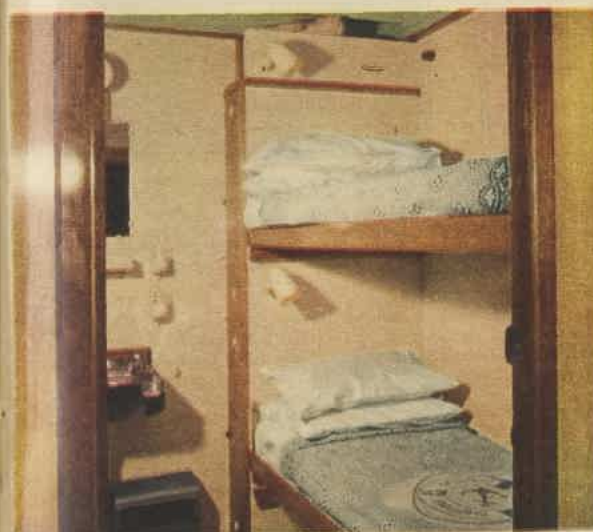
It is not expected that cars will need securing, but in rare cases, when the weather is really bad, they can be lashed to the deck.

And the cost of all this?

The return fare for an average-sized car will probably be about £25; cabin accommodation will be extra, but there will be no charge for those who use the reclining chairs for the night.

During the tourist season the Princess may make weekend trips from Melbourne, leaving on Friday night and arriving Saturday morning, so giving the tourist two full days motoring before bringing him back ready for the day's business on Monday.

Australian National Line directors consider that similar travel could be a success between Sydney and Queensland ports, with motorists going one way by road and the other by sea.



INTERIOR of one of the cabins. There will be single, double and four-berth cabins for 174 passengers; reclining chairs in comfortable lounges for an additional 160. The trip will take about 13 hours.



OPENING at the stern of the ship through which cars will drive directly from a loading ramp on to the vehicle deck.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 4, 1959

Prove for yourself
how quickly . . . how easily

Creme Puff*

gives you a naturally lovely complexion

... and
choose
the shade that
suits you
best!



... with this Creme Puff tester —
now on cosmetic counters everywhere!

Only Max Factor would dare let you make this test. Now—right at your cosmetic counter—you can prove for yourself how, in seconds, magical Creme Puff gives you the smooth, flawless, naturally youthful look that every woman wants . . . and every man admires. And this tester carries the full range of lovely Creme Puff shades so that you can select the one that is exactly right for you.

Mirror compact with puff, 14/11
Metal refill with puff, 9/11; Spare puff, 2/6

MAX FACTOR

MADE IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

HOLLYWOOD

*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND THE COSMETIC COUNTERS OF LEADING STORES

MF.339.3PC

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The easy sheath dress with short matching jacket (below) is a good choice for pre-autumn sewing. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust.

I CHOSE this ensemble in answer to a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I am anxious to make myself a frock and matching jacket for early autumn and want a style and pattern. I don't want anything too fussy, but want it to be smart, as it is to wear when I stay on in town to meet my husband for a 5 o'clock film and dinner later. I am slim, in my thirties, and take a size 34."

The dress-and-jacket ensemble I have chosen in answer to your letter (at right) is a smart solution for day-into-dinner-hour dressing. The jacket converts the dress into a smart daytime ensemble; minus the jacket, the dress becomes a chic dinner-hour dress.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size. Under the illustration are further details and how to order the pattern.

"AS I want to make a new outfit, I wondered if you could tell me some of the latest styles."

Shapes to consider (with a slant towards autumn) include the easy-fitted sheath, the Empire-line dress, and the dress with matching jacket. (See illustration at right for the latter.)

"COULD you please tell me if the new sack line is cut straight from the shoulder to the bottom of the hem without shaping?"

The original all-out sack dress was cut straight from a bodice yoke to the hemline. However, this silhouette is now outmoded and has been replaced with an easy-fit dress that has a "break" in the silhouette. The newest place for the "break" is under the bosom.

"UNFORTUNATELY I have a small-waisted, 'hippy' figure, and never feel correct in a slim skirt. I would like to wear a narrow skirt and wondered if there is anything you could suggest to make it possible."

Try wearing a long-legged



DS348. — Dress-and-jacket ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers to Box 6348, Wellington.

pantie girdle with a natural waist. I feel the lines of this type of girdle will help your problem.

"I AM having a fitted sheath made for autumn, and as I want it to be all-purpose I would like your ideas for some variations. The dress is to be made in lightweight navy wool."

Three easy-to-follow ideas to vary a basic sheath would

be: Flying panels in self-material attached to the back of the skirt; a 1½in. satin ribbon in matching navy tied under the bosom Empire style; and a satin stole in vivid blue.

"WOULD you advise me about a separate top to wear with an all-round knifeplicated skirt?"

A straight middy blouse or an overblouse finished with a self-material hip-band.

Beauty in brief:

MODEL LIPSTICK IDEA

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Model's trick for making the lip outline more definite is to use two shades of lipstick, one a trifle darker than the other.

THE mouth is outlined with the darker color, carefully applied with a finely pointed lipbrush, and the rest of the lip is filled in with the other shade.

If this is being used for street wear, make certain the two-tone trick is not obvious.

Used with skill, the two-tone lipstick

technique can completely disguise less attractive aspects of the mouth.

You need a candid eye for color and an awareness of the fault to be corrected.

To make application easier, make sure the lips are smooth and dry and soften the point of the lipbrush with a bit of cold cream.

Sewing hints from mink contest

● These are the best sewing hints received in our recent £2000 Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest. So many good hints were sent in that we have decided to award further prizes under sectional headings, the best in each section receiving £5 and every hint published £1.

SLIPPERS FROM FELT HAT

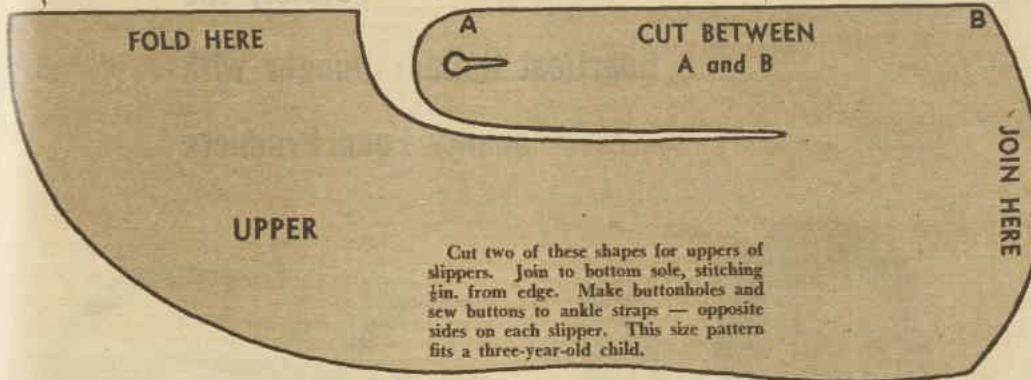
£5 to Mrs. F. E. Frisby, Henley Beach, S.A.

My slipper hint is economical, as the entire pair of slippers is made from an old felt hat for the uppers and harder-wearing floor felt for the soles. The inner heel is cut from the hat felt, and a stiffener sole (between inner and outer sole) from cardboard to keep the slipper's

shape. The enclosed red felt slippers (right) are trimmed with cats' faces cut from an old black hat, and with red felt mouths. Whiskers were made from strands of unravelled lightweight white rope.



HAT-FELT slippers decorated with cats' faces. Cut two bottom carpet-felt soles from pattern at right, two inner soles of hat-felt, and two stiffener soles from cardboard.



SOLE

FOLD HERE

Oven cloth



DECORATIVE and useful oven cloth is made of hessian covered with gay patchwork. Top sketch shows it opened out, bottom as it falls when hanging up.

I always make my own Christmas gifts. I designed a special oven cloth made from scraps in a crazy pattern which was greatly admired.

Last year, to help a worthwhile charity at its annual bazaar without too much drain on my small income, I managed to make 116 of these oven cloths at a cost of only 4d. each. They were all sold almost immediately.

£1 to Mrs. A. Jenkins, Hawthorn, Vic.

Mill ends

My biggest saving comes from purchasing "mill ends" of headcloth. These are obtainable through our local draper or can be bought direct from the cotton mill for only about 2/11 yd. The lengths vary from 12yds. to 5yds., are of good quality, and only rarely have defects in dye or weave.

Here is a sample list of things I most often make: Man's long-sleeved sports shirt, 9/-; house frock, 10/-; child's shirt, 3/-; waist apron (trimmed with scraps), 1/6; toddler's overalls, 2/-.

Tablecloths and furnishings can also be made cheaply.

£1 to Mrs. H. Tolcher, Linden Park, S.A.

Scrapbook

I have an old exercise book in which I sew a piece of material and a button or two for every garment that I make. When I lose a button or need a patch, it is easy to get out the scrapbook and find them all together.

I think this is a real economy hint, because spare buttons and scraps of materials usually get mislaid, no matter

how carefully you put them away, and you then have to buy more buttons, maybe replace them all, as well as buy more, probably unsuitable, material.

£1 to Mrs. M. Carr, Boondall, Qld.

To lengthen curtains

If you have some good curtains that are 6in. or 7in. shorter than needed for your window, dye a piece of sheeting to match the curtain color and add this to the top to make the drop the required length.

Cover with a painted wooden pelmet 2in. deeper than the joined piece, or a pelmet could be made of curtaining material to tone with the room colorings. The join cannot be seen, and you save the price of a new pair of expensive curtains.

£1 to Mrs. D. Anderson, Mullaley, N.S.W.

Chemise dress

From old gathered skirts I have made quite attractive up-to-date chemise frocks. Unpick the skirt from the waistband, let down the hem, then wash and press the length of material. If the material is woven you will be able to use the wrong side, and you will

find it looks quite new.

£1 to Mrs. G. Sernack, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

(Making clothes from discarded ones was a very popular hint received. This one, however, is a little different up to date, and extremely simple.)

Thread-saver

ing or odd mending tasks. They can be used more than once, and save the full reels.

£1 to Mrs. A. F. Baird, Mont Albert, Vic.

Beachcoat



BABY'S NAPKINS of towelling, no longer needed, were used for the child's beachcoat, at great saving.

Make your daughter's beachcoat from nappies in good condition left over from baby days.

My small daughter needed a beachcoat for our new swimming-pool this season and the cost of towelling per yard, even white, was 23/6. A made-up garment cost 39/11 to 59/11.

I selected three good nappies, used one for the back, one cut in halves for the two fronts, and the third I used for facings and two large patch-pockets. The attractive finished coat cost nothing.

£1 to Mrs. F. Lambert, Narrabri, N.S.W.

Woollies from scraps

On a shopping trip to the city I found a sale of woollen and cotton knitwear pieces, 6d. each. They were more or less damaged, and all sizes, with some quite large pieces.

After careful cleaning and sorting I made several pull-overs for my two children, 3 and 14 years old, and six jumpers for myself. They cost me an average of two shillings

each, all different colors, styles, and knit.

I sewed the seams with my sewing machine, then over-sewed them. They are firm and smooth.

£1 to Mrs. R. Raudonikis, Clayton, Vic.

(Mrs. Raudonikis' hint was not original, but her enterprize in finding the scraps and making the attractive garments pictured has won her a prize.)



WOOLLIES with a professional look are worn by Mrs. R. Raudonikis and her baby son. She made them from scrap knitwear pieces.

NEXT WEEK:
Housework and
cooking hints



Swift gives a **LIFT** to any meal...

Having a Holiday?

Satisfy the

Heartiest Holiday Hunger with

Swift-Maxam quality Food Products...



WINNER

Swift FREE GOLD COAST HOLIDAY

Congratulations to

MRS. L. RYAN
15 DRYSDALE ST.
MALVERN, VICTORIA

Mrs. Ryan, who submitted the best entry in the Swift Free Gold Coast Holiday Contest, wins a free holiday (14 days) for 2 adults and 2 children at Golden Sun Luxury Serviced Apartments, Surfers' Paradise, flying there and back by T.A.A. Super Viscount. Mrs. Ryan enclosed two labels from Swift Quality Food Products, entitling her to an extra £50 spending money!

Whether camping, caravanning or renting a holiday home, meals are easy to prepare using Swift-Maxam Quality Food Products.

Salads, sandwiches and snacks take only minutes to make—gain more leisure, pleasure time on your well-earned holiday.



Sam Swift and Betty Baker say:

Swift

QUALITY PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD!

Swift Australian Co. (Pty.) Ltd., 245-267 Stanley Street, South Brisbane.
Nation-wide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products.

Worth Reporting

FOR a new hint on How-Not-to-be-Bored, we applaud Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, First Lady of the United States.

Her hint is of special interest to politicians' wives.

"If you want to listen to a person who bores you," says Mrs. Eisenhower, "you wait until he says the first word beginning with the letter A."

"Then you wait for a word beginning with the letter B, and so on, until you have got through the alphabet."

"X, Y, and Z are often snags and difficult to get hold of. But the important thing is: automatically you display a wide-awake, attentive mien—as if you were the most interested of listeners."

A fable of able Mabel

MABEL weighs five tons. But the 98 members of the R.B.C. Symphony Orchestra wouldn't have the lady an inch smaller; they're very fond of her.

"Mabel" is the pantech-nicon that transports their instruments from town to town when the orchestra is on tour.

Chief orchestral porter Bill Edwards takes two and a half hours to load, or unload, the valuable cargo of instruments, insured for £31,250.

To Bill, the instruments need just as much care as people. Last year when the orchestra went to Ireland some of the bunks on the steamer were reserved for the double-basses.

And the harp, sensitive as a Victorian heroine, was carefully swathed in blankets to protect her from the chilly ocean breezes.

SOME statistics we've just received reveal that Americans ate 10,000 million "hot-dogs" (sausages in split rolls) in 1957. "Put those end to end," the document continued, "and they'd go to the moon and back, and to the moon again."

We just thought you'd like to know.

Boutique in Hongkong

ENTERPRISING Sydney-sider Joan Baglin has just paid a brief visit to Australia from Hongkong, where she has lived for the past two years, and plans to open a shop for tourists soon.

"It will be a real boutique," she said.

"Chinese tailors are wonderful, but they can't speak English and can't advise tourists on styles or materials."

"So I will have a good tailor and a shoemaker in the shop, and customers will get just what they ask for."

Miss Baglin designs all her own clothes and has shoes to match every frock.

In Hongkong Miss Baglin lives at the Correspondents' Club, which was used as the hospital in the film "Love is a Many Splendored Thing."

"Life is wonderful there," she said. "When we go for a barbecue we take two chefs and six 'boys.' Really roughing it, you know!"

A hard day's work—at night

NOVELIST Jan Carew and his wife, playwright Sylvia Wynter, are an unusual pair who don't have much time for domestic life.

"You see," Jan explained recently, "I do my writing from 11 o'clock at night to three in the morning, and Sylvia gets up to do hers at four."

Jan's first novel, "Black Midas," was published early last year and is selling well. A few months later he produced a second, "The Wild Coast."

And Sylvia's first play, "Under the Sun," will soon be produced at London's Royal Court Theatre.

The Carews are living in London, at present minus their three-year-old daughter, who is staying with Sylvia's parents in Jamaica.

Sylvia and Jan come from the West Indies and hope to make their home there eventually.

IF your grandfather has an old pocket-watch chain you might follow the fashion example of one of our Melbourne colleagues.

She's been wearing her grandfather's old chain as a choker-style necklet—and has been receiving plenty of compliments.

Advanced Old Girls

ALTHOUGH Adelaide's Advanced School for Girls closed down 50 years ago, our Perth office reports that the school's past pupils who live in the West still meet regularly.

Ex-pupils who meet twice a year include five who were at the school in the 'eighties, Mrs. Isobel Krantz, Mrs. Jessie Richards, Mrs. Edith Bernard, Mrs. Connie Shannon, and Mrs. Amalie Prince.

Their average age is 84.

"Fair Lady" meets prince

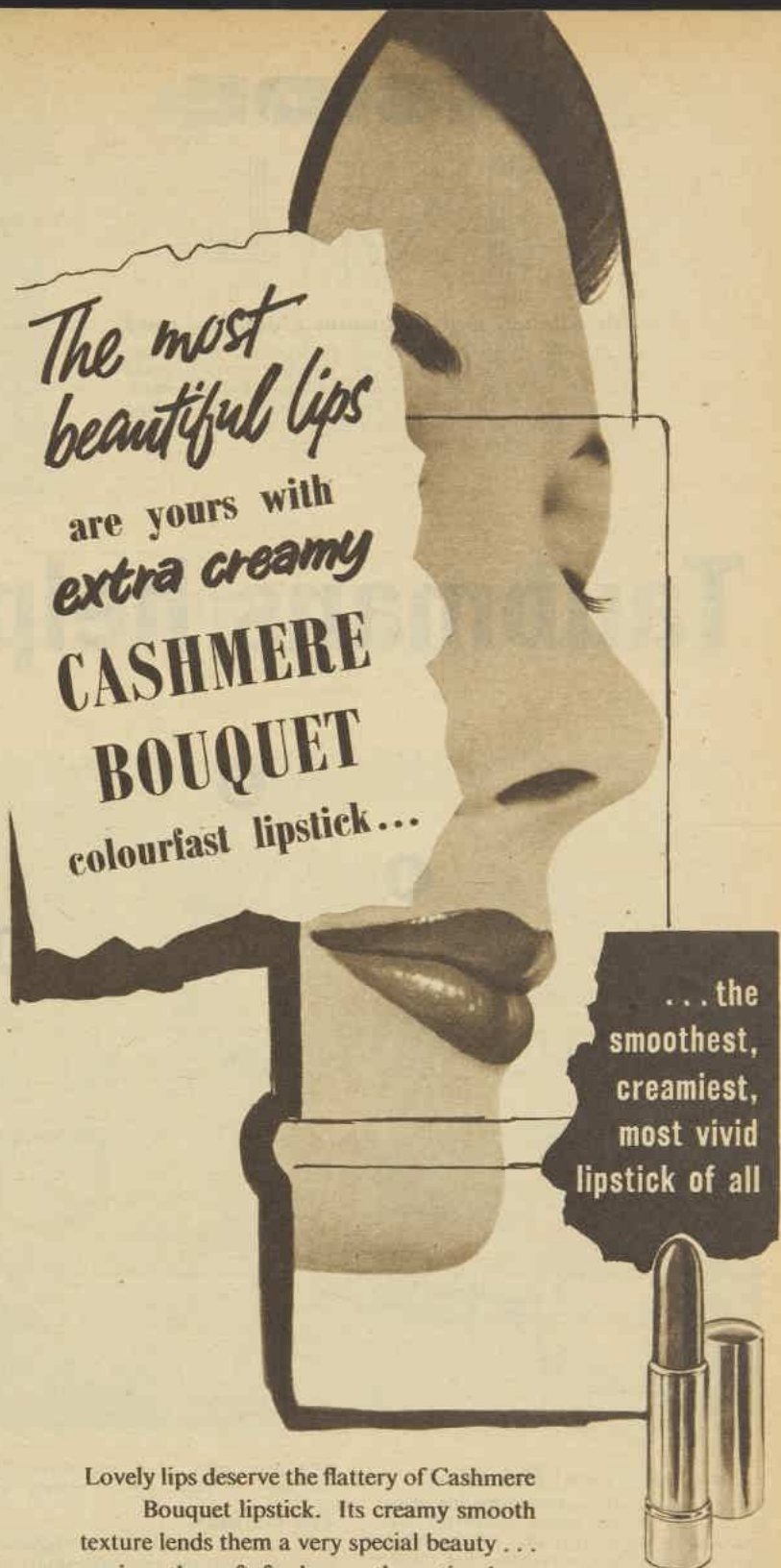
WITH "My Fair Lady" recordings released and everyone humming snatches of "Wouldn't It Be Lovely" and "On The Street Where You Live," Mrs. Peter Leahy called in to our Adelaide office with the latest news of her daughter Leonie.

Leonie, at 19, is a ballet dancer and chorus singer in London's "My Fair Lady," currently playing at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

Mrs. Leahy showed us a collection of theatre programmes, from special performances of the show, which had been autographed by members of the cast, including stars Julie Andrews and Rex Harrison.

But one of Leonie's most exciting moments was the evening the Queen, Prince Philip, and Princess Alexandra went backstage.

While the Queen talked with the principals, the Prince and Princess walked across to talk with some of the others—including Leonie.



The most beautiful lips
are yours with
extra creamy
CASHMERE
BOUQUET
colourfast lipstick...

... the smoothest, creamiest, most vivid lipstick of all

Lovely lips deserve the flattery of Cashmere Bouquet lipstick. Its creamy smooth texture lends them a very special beauty... gives the soft freshness, the satin sheen and the magical glow that is the natural look of youth. Cashmere Bouquet lipstick colours range from dreamy, delicious pinks to brilliant daring reds.

In gold and pink case
3/3



For those who prefer a 24-hour lipstick

CASHMERE
BOUQUET

Sta

24-HOUR
LIPSTICK

AVAILABLE IN EIGHT LOVELY SHADES

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

WHILE travelling in the bus the other day a lady asked me for a match. I gave her a box out of my handbag. A few seconds later she asked:

"Have you any little boys?"

Surprised, I said I had two.

"Well," she said, handing me back the box, "you had better give them back their caterpillars!"

£2/2/- to Mrs. A. J. Herring, Cheltenham, Vic.

RECENTLY I bought myself a new hat, gloves, and shoes, and asked my hubby if he thought I would look nice for the wedding we were attending. He replied:

"You still look the same, Mum. It's no use putting new mudguards on an old model."

£2/2/- to Mrs. E. Field, Belmore, N.S.W.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

INSIDE



For kitchen and bathroom (laundry too)

Steam and cooking vapours are the special problems in these rooms. So we have two Revelite enamels made specially to stand up to these conditions. For the walls, use Revelite Semi-Gloss (2). For cupboards, furniture and other woodwork, use Revelite Full-Gloss (3). Both finishes feature the same 21 colours.



Taubmans help you choose the

LIFT OUT THESE PAGES AND KE



Living rooms and bedrooms

On the walls in these rooms use any of our three interior flat paints... Revelite Flat (1), Gaydec (4) or Thix (5). For halls, use Revelite Semi-Gloss or Gaydec. For timber-lined rooms, use Revelite Semi-Gloss. On the wooden trims, use either Revelite Semi-Gloss (2) or Revelite Full-Gloss (3).

To help you, let us summarise the different qualities of the three flat-finish paints. Revelite Flat is an enamel with a flat finish and hard-wearing qualities. Gaydec is our

PVA paint with a soft, soft sheen. Thix is our one-coat paint with a velvety texture.

For ceilings

This is where Thix, which is Taubmans one-coat paint, has the best opportunity to show you all it can do. First and foremost, Thix won't run down the handle of your roller or brush. You do the job faster with Thix (our laboratory tests have proved this). To get sufficient paint onto the surface for a perfect one-coat cover, we recommend that you use a roller with Thix. In 19 colours.

There is a very good reason why we can assure you that Taubmans paints will give best results. It's this: our outside paints are formulated for outside use, our inside paints for inside use. Tests have proved that a paint sold for "inside and outside" use can never be fully satisfactory.

During manufacture and after, our inside paints are subjected to intensive laboratory controls for inside conditions, our outside paints for outside conditions.

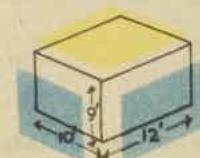
Each of Taubmans inside paints has its own job to do. This depends on the room where it is to be used, the surface it must cover and the wear it will get. The same

Pretty walls and grubby hands

Children in the house? Then there's a need for Gaydec, Taubmans PVA paint. The Polyvinyl Acetate resin gives a tough but beautiful finish. It enables a Gaydec surface to be touch dry in 20 minutes. Gaydec is an economy buy because it needs no sealers or undercoats. Easy to use because you wash out your equipment in water. Gaydec is fungus-resistant and odourless (paint Gaydec on the bedroom walls in the morning, sleep in the room same night!). In 19 colours.

How much paint do you need?

Let's take interior walls as an example. To simplify your figuring on how much paint you need buy, think in terms of painting an average-size room. Let's say 10 feet x 12 feet with 9 feet high walls. The quantities below allow for one coat.



Keep this average-size room in mind when estimating quantities.

The 4 walls	Revelite Flat Gaydec	Approx. 3 qts. " 3 "
Ceiling	Thix	Approx. 1 qt.
Wooden trims like architraves, skirting boards, window frames and 1 door	Revelite Full- Gloss or Revelite Semi- Gloss	" 1 pint



1
TAUBMANS
REVELITE FLAT
A gallon is ample for one
coat on walls and ceiling
in average-size room.



2
TAUBMANS
REVELITE SEMI-GLOSS
A gallon is ample for one
coat on walls and ceiling
in average-size room.



3
TAUBMANS
REVELITE FULL-GLOSS
A gallon is ample for one
coat on walls and ceiling
in average-size room.



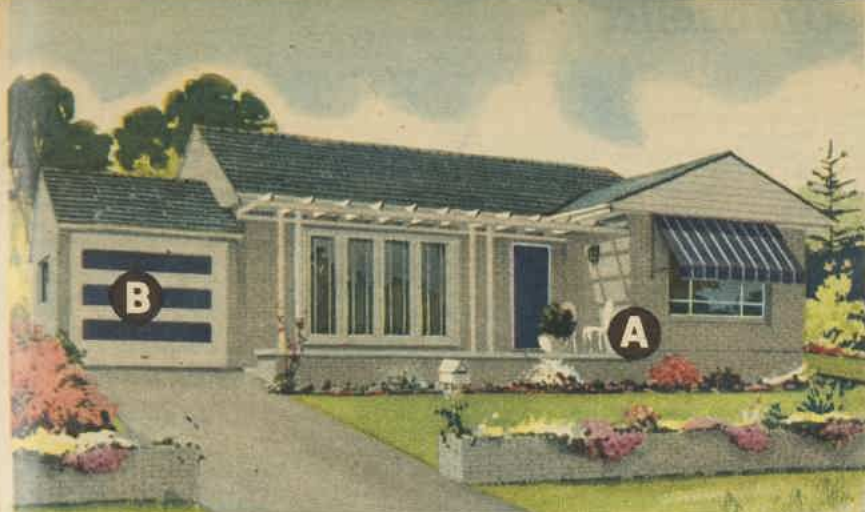
4
TAUBMANS
GAYDEC MATT
A gallon is ample for one
coat on walls and ceiling
in average-size room.



5
TAUBMANS
THIX VELVET FINISH
A gallon is ample for one
coat on walls and ceiling
in average-size room.



TAUBMANS
INTERIOR UNDERCOAT
and TAUBMANS
PETRISEAL



OUTSIDE



For common brick, fibro, cement render

On these surfaces (and on fibro roofs) use Butex Velvet-Flat (A). This is our new outside paint. It's the only flat enamel made specially for outside. Butex Velvet-Flat is in 17 lovely decorator colours. And here's a plus. All 17 colours match or harmonise with Butex Full Gloss (B), used on all outside timber and ironwork surfaces.

the right paints for every surface

KEEP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

applies to our outside paints.

If, after reading this advertisement, you still have any painting problems, contact Taubmans Decorating Service. It is available in each capital city and in many parts of the country, too. Experts in interior decorating and colour will gladly advise you on any home decor problem. For instance, the best paint colours to choose to harmonise with your furnishings and floor coverings. Also, colour planning for every room in the house, how to get the easiest and best paint job, how to solve the technical problems like removing old wallpaper, preparing surfaces.



You and your dealer

These days, the man who sells you Taubmans paint is an expert. He's had long experience with paints and that means his advice is worth having. Often, he's a colour expert, too. And, in addition to his long experience with painting, he has more than likely attended our special training courses.

Even so, we believe that you would like to think over your purchase in advance so that when you go to your Taubmans dealer you won't have to make any hurried decisions if other people are waiting to be served.

For roofs

Use Taubmans Butex Roof Paint (C) on galvanised iron roofs, tanks and other metal surfaces. At the height of an Australian summer the roof temperature often climbs to 140-165 degrees! And there are areas where we get frost and near-freezing temperatures for most of the winter.

Our Butex Roof Paint has been perfected to withstand these extremes of heat and cold. In 9 decorator colours.



For weatherboard homes

We suggest you use Taubmans Butex Full Gloss (B). We've tested Butex Full Gloss under the most extreme weather conditions

to prove this is the most durable gloss on the market. 30 decorator colours. Match or harmonise Butex Full Gloss with the 17 decorator colours in Butex Velvet-Flat (A) for outside brick, fibro, cement render.

Sealers and Undercoats are rarely necessary with Taubmans finishes. However, where they are specified make sure you ask for Taubmans because our Petriseal, Exterior Undercoat and Interior Undercoat are specially formulated to go under our finishes.



TAUBMANS BUTEX VELVET-FLAT
A gallon covers 800 square feet according to surface.



TAUBMANS BUTEX FULL GLOSS
A gallon covers 800 square feet.



TAUBMANS BUTEX ROOF PAINT
A gallon covers 800 square feet.



TAUBMANS EXTERIOR UNDERCOAT
A gallon covers 700 square feet.



TAUBMANS PETRISEAL
A gallon covers 450-500 square feet.

Taubmans beautiful, durable paints

Joseph and eyed him with ironically cocked eyebrows.

"I'm not very welcome, am I?" he murmured lightly.

George was a handsome man in his late twenties. Handsome in an actor's fashion. His face was a well-regulated affair of features in the right places. There was just a touch of the playboy in his behaviour.

"How's Irene these days?" he asked.

"Quite well, thanks!" "I haven't seen her for a long time," George went on.

His manner of talking was lighter than ever, but Joseph was quite aware of the clouds forming above the horizon.

He let it pass. "When are you two going to be married?" George asked a little later.

"Soon!" George shook his head. "Are you sure?" he murmured.

Joseph's gaze sharpened. "What do you mean by that?" he snapped.

"I know Irene!" "Do you?"

"I'm just stating facts, old chap," George said lazily. "After all, she was engaged to me once—long before your time! Then, don't forget—you're not an Australian! Besides—I know Irene!"

"Just exactly what are you driving at?"

"Your English is admirable after only three years of being in Australia," George murmured. "What I was driving at, my dear chap, is that Irene is still in love with me!"

"You have always been vain—but I didn't think it was that bad," Joseph answered with more self-control than he'd thought he would be able to summon.

He added: "Irene realised quite a while ago how little you had in common with her! Again and again you disappointed her before she realised it!"

"I'm afraid I know more about women than you do," George said, unruffled. "Besides, what I would like to know is how much you have in com-

Continuing . . . Less One Umbrella

from page 23

mon with an Australian girl! I think she tries to play you out against me! It's her idea of making me jealous enough to take notice of her again! But don't be afraid, old chap! It won't work!"

Joseph fixed him with a grim look. "Have you ever been in love with her, George?" he asked.

The other lifted his eyebrows. "Perhaps," he said. "She is beautiful, make no mistake about that! Perhaps I was in love with her—once! But then I met Jeanette! She was ever so much more like me! She liked parties, entertaining people, and so on! I knew then that Irene wasn't the thing!"

"So—you dropped her?" "That might be polite in Germany, my dear chap—but you could have said it more delicately!"

"And what happened to Jeanette?" Joseph said, returning the needling with sound fencing.

GEORGE laughed ruefully. But it was a bad effort to cover up.

"I was at her wedding last week," he said. "It was a grand affair, reporters and all! He's a very rich man, her husband, you know!"

Joseph nodded. "The trouble with you, George, is," he commented, "that you are like a little spoilt boy! Once a toy has lost its newness—somebody else may have it! Out it goes! You want something more up-to-date! Another novelty! But I can assure you most heartily that you'll never again meet a girl like Irene!"

George's face expressed pity for the other's agitation.

"It was nice meeting you again, Joseph," he said, rising from his seat. "And now I'd better be getting along! Invite me to your wedding, Joseph—if there's any! 'Bye!'"

Joseph watched him leave through the small entrance. He was upset and weary. For a moment he even wished he'd never been born. But Australian common sense prevailed over German gloominess, and when he was finally presented with the bill he even had it in him to feel annoyed at its unreasonableness.

He paid and left. Walking up to Macquarie Street and towards the Botanic Gardens,

Every man who is high up loves to think he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that.

—J. M. Barrie

where he was going to meet Irene, he thought again of the umbrella. How absurd and trivial the loss of it suddenly seemed beside George's stinging remarks.

And there was no use pretending that they hadn't stung. They had hurt all right! He told himself that Irene had long since overcome her romance with George, but he knew he was telling himself, and that made it worse.

But then, had she ever mentioned George in all the four months of their courtship?

No, she hadn't! Wasn't that proof enough?

And then he stopped walking.

She had mentioned him. If only he could remember in what connection! Surely it had meant nothing, nothing at all!

Or had it been of importance?

He shook his head in confusion, and went on walking again.

He entered the Botanic Gardens through the big wrought-iron gate, and strolled down along flower-beds in full bloom, multi-colored and fresh.

He thought of Irene and their courtship, and that it had started right here one Saturday afternoon, and come to its climax, too.

No, he couldn't discover any flaws between Irene and himself. His not being an Australian hadn't made any difference, and George, except that one time, she hadn't mentioned him. He was certain.

When first they'd kissed she had been reluctant for a split second as if she was afraid. Perhaps she had been afraid, afraid to be hurt again, for George had hurt her, Joseph knew.

George was wrong. He was conceited and malicious like an old gossip.

But doubt still clung to his mind like a piece of dirty newspaper hanging on to one's feet in the wind. If only he could remember the time Irene had mentioned George.

Presently he came to the bottom of the Gardens and sat down on a bench.

The sunny greenness of the surroundings brightened him up a bit. It reminded him of all the pleasant things that are part of a courtship. Reminded him of the day when they'd first known for sure that their feelings towards each other were mutual.

The same cool breeze stirring the crown of the tall Cequitol-palm behind the bench. Even the green wooden bench, the same. And the palm, silent and erect, with a smooth grey trunk, proud and dignified as if it knew that once it had come a long way from Chile.

Across the well-kept lawns, littered with countless other green benches, was the Promenade, and behind the sea-wall parapet rested the sea in the sun, like a heavy blue fluid with tiny rippling waves tickling the surface. Two grey ships lay motionless side by side and the sun was playfully throwing confetti around their glum hulls, rippling the waves with silver. Farther back in a haze of blue-

ness a ferry slid into view and vanished again.

To his left was the top of the Harbor Bridge, rising above the gardens in a perfect grey curve.

AND a few yards farther down, facing a path, stood the statue of "The Bathing Girl"; a girl descending a pile of rocks. It had stimulated many an idle remark between the two of them. Here they'd first known. Had accepted the result of a cautiously but firmly established friendship. Here they'd fallen in love. It was an enchanted place for Joseph, the one place where he felt at home.

He smiled. And into the middle of his newly acquired tranquillity burst the knowledge of where George came into all this.

Just one sentence it had been, a long, long time ago.

"George once gave it to me," she'd said.

At the time it had seemed meaningless; just a remark, a splinter of the past coming back, telling of the things it once stood for, and no longer did.

He tried hard to remember the tone of voice she'd used, the expression on her face, but it was hopeless. He just hadn't taken any notice of it at the time.

All he could remember was her standing there with the blue umbrella in her hands, the rain pouring down outside, saying: "George once gave it to me!"

He sat on his bench, tense and unhappy.

It seemed to him as if all the fun had turned sour overnight. He put his chin on his chest. If George was right after all—which he wasn't!—but if he was, well—he would know soon enough, wouldn't he?

He wished he'd never borrowed the umbrella in the first place. He wished he were able to produce it and avoid the issue; but then he knew that doubt is a nasty thing that hangs on and on to one's mind till it destroys more by being there than by being true. Per-

naps it was better for both of them that the umbrella had been lost.

He wondered how she was going to take it. So much depended on it. And then he saw her coming towards him from the Promenade, in her firm and purposeful walk, the full skirt blowing against her perfect legs.

Seen through Joseph's eyes, she was beauty's masterpiece. Seen through the eyes of an on-looker she would still have been beautiful. Her well-proportioned body, her dark brown hair, her large blue eyes, pale oval face, delicately curved lips—they were all part of a common description of beauty, yet topping the rules by the perfect harmony of it all.

Joseph's heart somersaulted in pain and love as he watched her.

He rose from his seat, and, taking advantage of the deserted park, put a light kiss on her lips.

"I hope you haven't been waiting too long for me," she said anxiously. "The trouble is—I missed my bus!"

"It's all right!" he said. They sat, side by side.

"It's such a lovely day, darling," Irene murmured.

He put his elbows on his knees and his chin in his cupped hands.

"I lost your umbrella, Irene," he burst out, not able to keep it back any longer, wanting to get it over and done with. "I'm sorry, but I lost it!"

He didn't dare look at her, but all his other senses were on tiptoe, alert and waiting. The tension in him was almost unbearable.

"Oh, Joseph," she said. He turned his eyes towards her.

"Oh, Joseph," she repeated. "Don't make such a tragic face, please! It isn't all that bad, darling! You're going to spoil the afternoon with your face!"

He looked steadily at her. Laughter curled her lips.

"The amusing part of it is," she said, "that George once gave it to me!"

And after this it was a perfect day, indeed.

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have been young and—perhaps, who knows— attractive. Wouldn't it be awful to wake up in middle-age and find you were married to that?"

"But how can you defend yourself against a possibility like that?" I grinned, determined to egg him on and see what was in his mind.

"It's quite simple. I did it with another girl I nearly got engaged to."

"You did? What was that?" He hesitated, and then said, "Does Linda go in to her office on Saturday mornings?"

"No, she doesn't."

"What time does she get up on Saturdays, then?"

"Around eight, I think. Why?"

"And what does she do when she gets up?"

"For Pete's sake, how should I know!" I cried. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm going to drop in on her at eight-fifteen next Saturday morning."

I shoved away my plate and leaned an elbow on the table, studying him. "And what, exactly, is the idea behind that?"

"Well, don't you see, I'll find out what she looks like when she's off parade. If she looks neat, attractive, and cheerful, then everything's fine. But if, like Amanda—"

"Who's Amanda?"

"She was the girl I nearly got engaged to. She had her hair in curlers and scuffed slippers on." He shuddered.

"And so you dropped her?"

"Exactly."

"And you intend to carry out this scheme with Linda?"

"Exactly."

"And if she looks satisfactory, you'll ask her to marry you? And if not, not?"

"Yes, Joe, that's it—exactly."

Now I've got four sisters at home in the north and I know from experience that it's asking a lot of any girl to look her best at eight o'clock on a Saturday morning. I felt that if I were asked to make a bet on it, I'd win money backing the "no-glamor" side. So I hugged this news to myself and sat back to wait for Saturday.

But on Friday evening my

so hard I developed a headache, and it turned out that I hadn't any aspirin; so what more natural than that I should go down and borrow some off the girl in the flat below?

Linda was distinctly cool when I knocked on her door, but when she got a good look at my woe-begone face she led me inside.

"What's the matter, Joe dear?" she asked in that warm, kindly voice of hers that makes your heart feel as if someone's just slipped a velvet cushion under it.

"I came down to ask if you'd any aspirin," I muttered.

"Headache?" She pressed me down into an armchair, and the next thing I knew I was drinking freshly made coffee and nibbling shortbread biscuits—and feeling a lot better. But my conscience was still going knock-knock inside my head, so I said, "Doing anything nice tomorrow, Linda?"

"I'm going out with Marcus in the afternoon," she replied. "We're going to an exhibition of modern furniture design." I could see from the way she said it that she was figuring on picking out the armchairs for her new home.

I coughed on a piece of biscuit and mumbled, "You think a lot of Marcus, eh, Linda?"

She didn't answer—just half-closed her eyes and sighed.

"Are you thinking of marrying him?"

"He hasn't asked me yet."

"But if he did?"

She smiled. "I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't say yes."

That did it. I decided to betray Marcus' confidence then and there. I said at the beginning my conduct was reprehensible.

When I'd recounted the plot, Linda looked a little shaken.

"Here?" she repeated. "At eight o'clock?"

"Yes. But it'll be all right," I said encouragingly, "if you put your alarm on."

"But, Joe—I took it in to the watchmaker this evening to have it cleaned. I thought, you see, I shouldn't be needing it again until Monday morning."

"I'll lend you mine," I offered.

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ferred. "But mind you, it's pretty temperamental. You see, you have to set it three-quarters of an hour earlier than you want to get up, and then when it rings you'll know it's about ten minutes either way."

"Either way?"

"Either ten minutes before time to get up or ten minutes after. That is unless you wind it up too vigorously, in which case it'll stop at ten to two."

Linda shuddered. "I'd rather die than have Marcus find me without powder on my nose."

There was no way out. "All right," I volunteered. "I'll set my alarm myself and come down and wake you in good time. How about that?"

WELL, she threw her arms around me and hugged me and murmured, "I'll never forget you for this, Joe dear!" and I went upstairs in a glow of happiness.

So I wound up old Methuselah. I suppose in the fervor of my delight at being kissed I must have overdone it, because at ten to two I woke up with a distinct feeling that something had gone wrong, which after a quarter of an hour's tossing and turning resolved itself into the fact that Methuselah had stopped.

Naturally after that I woke up every five minutes until five o'clock, at which hour I fell asleep. I started into wakefulness and leapt out of bed, pulling on my dressing-gown, stumbled down the stairs, and rang Linda's bell.

No answer. I rang again and again, and presently a muffled voice said, "Oh, go away, will you!"

So then I leaned my elbow on the bell-push. That did it.

She opened the door. Her face was flushed with sleep and her eyes were bright with her dreams. Her hair was in a beautiful tangle of auburn. I thought I'd never seen anything so lovely in my life.

That was when I realised I was in love with the girl—head over heels, heart over head, lost, lost . . .

"What's the time, Joe?"

She asked, stifling a yawn.

"It's just after seven."

"Oh, thanks, that's in plenty of time for Marcus. It is good of you."

I stumbled upstairs again and washed and shaved. But all the while I was listening out for Marcus, and sure enough, precisely at eight fifteen, I heard his footsteps. I hate to admit this, but I went out and crept down the steps to where I could squint at Linda's door through the banisters.

Marcus rang the bell. The door flew open.

There stood Linda in the most beautifully designed swimsuit you ever saw. It was black with white edging. It clung to her figure.

"Why—Marcus!" she cried in well-assumed surprise.

As for Marcus, he looked absolutely dumbfounded. It's one thing to expect your girl to appear in the early morning neatly and cheerfully attired for a little housework. But to find her clad like a sea nymph! . . .

"H-hello," Marcus stammered. "I thought I'd—I was out for an early morning stroll, so thought I'd drop in."

"Early morning stroll?" carolled Linda. "You call this early? Why, I've been up for ages! Isn't it a lovely morning?"

As a matter of strict truth it wasn't. It was distinctly cold and damp. Marcus was looking quite pinched.

"Why, Marcus," Linda went on, "you haven't been walking briskly enough. You look chilled to the marrow. Now what you need is a short series of exercises."

She took him into her flat—dragged him in would be a better word—leaving the door standing open. A terrible cold, damp draught was blowing in at a wide-open window. I could feel it even from where

outside. Linda drew in great gulps of it with obvious enjoyment.

"I—I didn't know you were a keep-fit fan," Marcus said weakly, shivering and just resisting the temptation to turn his coat-collar up.

"There's nothing like it. Sets you up for the day."

Marcus looked unconvinced. "I've never thought much of physical jerks," he began.

"Physical jerks!" Linda broke in in horror. "But that's just what they mustn't be—jerky. They should be done smoothly. It helps, of course, to do them to music. There's plenty of music on the wireless about six-thirty."

"Six-thirty?"

"That's week days, you know. Sundays, it's best to rely on the gramophone. A good rousing march is the best music to wake you up on a Sunday."

"On a Sunday! At six-thirty?" The horror in Marcus' voice was growing, like the fog in London in November.

I had to admire the way Linda was skating round the outskirts of a really tremendous lie without actually uttering it, but I thought she was laying it on a bit thick. Most men would be glad to find that their prospective wives are early risers, because this makes the chance of an early morning cup of tea in bed more likely. But to hear she proposes to wake you with a rousing march—in a howling draught—at six-thirty—on Sunday! . . .

"I did hope," Marcus was saying, "I—er—did hope you might offer me a bite of breakfast . . ."

"Oh, breakfast!" Linda said airily, dismissing the idea with a wave of her hand. "I never eat it."

This I knew to be a fact. She'd often told me she never had time for more than a mouthful of coffee in the mornings.

But that was the straw that broke the handsome Roman's back. His delicately chiselled face seemed to crumple with pain and disappointment, and he said, "I have to go now. And by the way, Linda, some-

I shan't be able to keep our date this afternoon."

"All right, Marcus." She escorted him to the door, looking a million dollars in her trim swimsuit.

Linda remained standing in the doorway, hugging herself about the shoulders, as his footsteps died away in the hall. She suddenly looked cold and small. Without knowing quite what I did I stepped up to her and put my arms round her—to warm her, you know.

Next moment she was hanging on to me, her shoulders heaving and her face hidden, and I was patting her and murmuring, "Don't, Linda, darling. He wasn't good enough for you. You'd never have been happy with him."

Then she looked up, and you know what?—she wasn't crying, she was laughing.

"Oh, Joe, darling!" she cried. "Wasn't his face a picture? The bitter bit, the bitter jolly well bit!" And she went off into another peal of laughter.

"But—I thought—"

"So did I," she admitted, "last night. But somehow—the way you looked at me this morning when I opened the door to you at seven o'clock . . . And then it was so cold and damp and miserable and I found myself thinking, 'Who does he think he is, coming spying on me at this unearthly hour on a Saturday morning?' So I decided to teach him a lesson!"

I cleared my throat with difficulty and said, "Does this mean—that's to say—"

"It's all right, Joe," she said soothingly. "I accept you."

"But dash it, I haven't proposed to you yet."

"Yes you have. With your eyes. At seven o'clock this morning."

"Just one thing," I said, to show my independence. "None of this waltzing about the room to loud music at six-thirty a.m."

"No, darling," she whispered, and laid her head on my shoulder.

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Continuing . . . The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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you listening to me, Doolan? If you've got an ounce of heart for those people out there, if you've got half a mind of your own, you'll let me talk to them. I won't try to escape. You can go right along with me if you want. May I be struck dead this minute, Doolan, if I'm not telling you the truth."

There was a long silence. Doolan puckered his brow.

"Look at the instrument, Doolan. It's gone down some more. I didn't cause it to do that. You've been right here. You've seen for yourself, I haven't touched it. The storm is moving that scribe."

"Pike says you stay here. What you want to do? Get me buster? I like these stripes."

"They won't show up so well on your dead body floating in water."

"Aw, come off it." He was making progress, Adam thought. Not much, but a little. Doolan was shifting uneasily from one foot to the other now. There was, unless he was being too optimistic, Adam decided, the slightest suggestion of fear in his eyes.

"Doolan, listen to this, if you'll go with me to the north side and a storm doesn't come, I'll swear I came up behind you and hit you on the head and escaped. We'll stage things so it looks like you went beyond the call of duty and recaptured me. You'll probably get a medal."

"You don't sneak up behind no good Marine and cold-conk him."

"Then I'll run away from you. I'll run slowly so you can't miss. You can shoot me down deader than a mackerel."

DOOLAN lit a cigarette. He filled his lungs and exhaled with such force the smoke went straight out from his mouth. He repeated the process immediately. "It would look phony," he said finally. "Besides, I don't want to shoot you or nobody else."

"Doolan! You just heard me stake my life on this. No matter what you think, I'm not that crazy. I'll stay in front of you every minute of the time. All I want to do is talk to those people! Look at that sky, Doolan. It's getting darker and darker. We won't be able to see each other pretty soon!"

Doolan tugged the end of his nose violently. "How would we get there? There ain't no boats."

"I don't know. There must be a canoe or something that will float in the native village. If there isn't, we'll have to do it the hard way and hike it around the beach."

"You mean swim that channel?"

"Yes, I do. And I'm not much of a swimmer, either. That's how much I believe in this thing. If I drown, you can just say I ran away and committed suicide by jumping into the channel. The main thing is we've got to get going."

Doolan again drew heavily on his cigarette. He closed his eyes for a moment and said through the smoke: "This whole operation is nuts."

"You're an intelligent man, Doolan. You didn't get to be a Marine sergeant for nothing. You can read an instrument, and especially this one, as well as I can. The least you can

do is take a look . . . just to satisfy your self I'm not talking entirely through my hat. Come on.

"What you'll see on this instrument now is something you can tell your grandchildren about. You'll be looking at history . . . certainly the beginning of one of the biggest storms in history. Go ahead. Look! I'll stand away over at this end of the room if you don't trust me! I couldn't possibly get within three feet of you!"

Slowly, so slowly Adam hoped he was not just imagining the movement, Doolan rolled his shoulder about the door jamb and looked at the glass box on the table. Adam held his breath as Doolan's hand slipped down to his holster. Then he placed his weight on both feet and faced the table. Adam waited in agonised silence as Doolan took a single hesitant step into the room. He halted, his head cocked suspiciously to one side, looking at Adam and then at the glass box. Another step toward the table. Another. Adam was sure that, if in the next moment he spoke, Doolan would certainly retreat.

Another step and Doolan bent down, placing his powerful hands on his knees. His eyes were level with the instrument. "I can hear it ticking all right," he whispered.

"Sure you can. Look at that red line. The paper is marked off in hours. See how the line goes down."

Doolan studied the interior of the glass box as if it contained a snake. "It's gone down all right. I can see that."

"Smart man. Now figure it out for yourself. That's an expensive instrument. There's something driving that line down and it isn't me!"

"I don't really see it move." "Of course you don't. You can't really see the hands of a clock move, either. But if you stood there even half an hour, you'd see the difference."

"Maybe we better take this gadget up to Pike and show it to him."

"I already did that. At least I took the previous paper. That's what our big argument was about. I was yelling at him because he just wouldn't listen. You know Pike. He's a hard-headed man."

"All Generals are hard-headed. They got a brass brain."

"You're absolutely right, Doolan. Now can we go while there's maybe still time?"

"We oughta see Pike."

"He'll only stop us, you know that. He'll stop us because, like all Generals, he hates to approve anything that isn't his own idea."

"Yeah . . ." Doolan said very slowly. He rose to an erect position and glowered at the sky beyond the window.

"Yeah . . . maybe you got somethin' there. It wouldn't be the first time I stuck my neck out."

"Good!" Adam said. "Let's go."

"I'll be right behind you. All the time. And I got every marksmanship medal in the book. Just keep that in mind."

Pike fretted in his office. Now the gloomiest doubts assailed him, as dark as the sky outside his window. He had already envisioned a series of ugly spectacles in which he played a most ignominious role. He had suffered through a preliminary hearing on Tuamani during which he found himself very hard put to account for

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 4, 1959

rolls out doubt

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MUM Rollette

The delightful-to-use deodorant that checks perspiration, too!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



BM190/58

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certain of his decisions; and all too quickly thereafter, he saw himself in Washington, gulping and perspiring before a committee which practically included both Houses of Congress.

Suppose there really was a storm! Suppose Smith was not crazy at all, but for once in his miserable life had been perfectly sincere. If there was any truth to his story about the barometer he might still be ready for a padded cell and yet, from habit if nothing else, recognise a storm.

Oh, no. The case was cut and dried. Pure, unadulterated case of vengeance against imagined injuries. Then why was it so dark outside? It was only a little after five. And where was everybody? For a terrifying moment he saw himself as entirely alone on Nikki . . . the last man on earth after a number of Zeuses had been exploded. It was Zeb Pike who was about ready for a padded cell!

He wished now that he had not sent Sue-Anne along with Albright. She made very good sense, Sue-Anne. When she was sober, of course. He could have talked this whole thing out with her and she would have settled his mind. She would undoubtedly say the whole business was a tempest in a teapot and what in tarnashin was he worrying about?

In the opposite condition she would be more likely to say Zebulon, you bonehead, a trained technician came to you and told you there was going to be a storm and you told him he was crazy. That's just like the time you told one of the world's best armament manufacturers his outfit didn't know how to rifle a gun.

Brooding on what Sue-Anne might have said, and what she still might have occasion to say, Pike remembered his boat. Where was it? Albright had been lolly-dollying about again. And where the devil was that Marine? How long did it take to make a sandwich even if you used a bayonet to slice it? And what about those flashlights he was going to bring? Where the hell was everybody?

As if his unspoken demand had magical power to bring results, he heard footsteps on the porch. The steps approached quickly, and in a moment Peterson snapped to attention before him. His salute was marred by a sandwich in his hand.

"Where the blazes have you been?" Pike said, choosing to ignore the sandwich.

"Looking for Doolan and that other guy, sir."

"What do you mean, looking for them? I told you where they were."

"They ain't there, sir. I looked in the quarters you told me and then I looked everywhere else. I even looked down to the wharf."

"And you couldn't find them? Pike said incredulously.

"No, sir. I didn't see nobody. It's kind of scary. Every place is deserted like it was a ghost town or something and most places are locked up. I even looked down to our own quarters thinking maybe Doolan might have gone back there."

Pike jumped to his feet. "You must be blind, Marine. We'll see about this. Did you bring some flashlights?"

"Yessir," Peterson said, reaching into his hip pocket. "I brought two. They were all I could find."

Pike reached out and took a flashlight from Peterson's hand. "Follow me."

"Yessir. Jeez, it's just like we are the last two people in the world out here."

Pike shot a quick frown of disapproval at Peterson and marched out of the office.

By the time they had stomped through the building which contained Adam's room, then

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The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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doubled back to the Marine quarters. Pike was yelling Doolan's name with such force his voice echoed and re-echoed between the buildings and along the deserted streets of Pistol Two. Now as they returned to the main street, Peterson shivered at the sound of Pike's voice, which was becoming increasingly hoarse and eerie in the gloom.

It was so dark that the oval pattern from Pike's flashlight sweeping the street and the buildings was clearly visible. The blob of light revealed nothing which might suggest that Pistol Two had once been an active settlement.

Pike halted before the weather office. Though it was dark and obviously unoccupied, He called out Smith's name with such authority and assurance Peterson would not have been overly surprised if an answer had come through the screen windows. Pike stalked back to the middle of the street, faced about, and glanced at the building as if its very silence was deliberate. Then suddenly he tilted his head to one side and pointed a cautioning finger

stumbling around with flashlights for so long," Peterson said, looking out the window. "You want I should go get us some rain gear, sir? It's beginning to come down pretty good."

"Do that. You'll find mine hanging just inside my office door. Bring Mrs. Pike's, too. It's in the hallway."

"Yessir."

"I'll meet you down at the wharf in five minutes. My boat should be along any minute now."

"Yessir."

At the door Peterson turned as if reluctant to travel the street alone. "I guess this will sort of spoil the picnic, sir."

"Yes, I'm afraid it might," Pike said absently. He was staring at the line of teletype machines and almost appeared to have forgotten Peterson. "Keep your eye out for Doolan and Smith," he said.

"I just got a hunch I won't see them, sir," Peterson said.

When he was gone Pike crossed the room very slowly

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



at Peterson. "Listen!" he said furiously. "Do you hear what I hear?"

Peterson listened obediently, turning his head in imitation of Pike's. He did not at this moment want to hear anything unless it was the comforting groan of Doolan's voice.

"It's in there," Pike said, taking a step toward the communications shack.

"Sounds like a typewriter," Peterson said.

Pike crossed the street quickly and, rising on his toes, peered through the screen window. Immediately afterward he moved around to the door. "It's one of the teletypes. Somebody left it on."

He tried the door. It was locked. "We'll have to kick it in," he said to Peterson.

Pike's frustration seemed to find outlet on the door. He kicked at it so viciously Peterson had little chance to assist him before the door collapsed. Pike charged through the splintered wood and directed the flashlight at the teletype machines. The last one in the line continued to click busily. Then it stopped very suddenly.

Pike approached it warily. How could the machine function if the main power supply was off? As he had ordered!

While Peterson watched, Pike's flashlight swept the office. It came to rest on the cord of the overhead light. He reached out suspiciously and jerked the cord. The light flashed on and both men blinked.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Pike said.

"Sure is nice to see some light, sir . . . that is, after

until he stood in front of the last teletype machine. He leaned forward and saw the end of a message beneath the glass. The signature was Keating. It would be from Tuamani then.

Hesitantly, almost as if he knew the contents of the message, he reached for the end of the yellow paper which had fallen over the back of the machine. Now he saw that there were several messages. The machine had been busy, all right, apparently working ever since the girls had left. The paper reached nearly to the floor behind the machine.

He carefully pulled it upward, then found the knob on the side of the case. He turned it until the last message was above the glass and tore the whole paper off. He moved beneath the light. Much of the printing was unintelligible to him, but there were parts which caused him to pull back the desk chair and sit down.

TUA-TRIGGER HOW ABOUT YOUR PRESENT WEATHER QUESTION MARK

TRIGGER-TUA YES MAN PERIOD WE KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN NOW PERIOD PRESENT WEATHER HEAVY RAIN PERIOD VISIBILITY NIL PERIOD WIND SOUTH SIXTY KNOTS GUSTING TO SEVENTY PERIOD LONESOME PERIOD TUA-TRIGGER

HOW CAN YOU BE LONELY WITH LAZY ETHEL QUESTION MARK BE OF GOOD

HEART PERIOD CENTER OF STORM NOW DEFINITELY LOCATED MORE THAN HUNDRED MILES SOUTH-EAST YOUR STATION PERIOD Y O U ONLY HAVE EDGE PERIOD

TRIGGER-TUA TAIL END YOU MEAN QUESTION MARK

TUA-TRIGGER ROGER PERIOD NIKKI WILL GET THE FULL BLAST PERIOD

TRIGGER-TUA WHEN QUESTION MARK

TUA-TRIGGER DUNNO FOR CERTAIN PERIOD SOME TIME TO-NIGHT PERIOD ALL ATTEMPTS CONTACT PISTOL TWO SINCE 13:00

NEGATIVE PERIOD WE ARE GOING TO SEND BLIND TO THEM AS SOON AS WE HAVE MORE DOPE PERIOD

TRIGGER-TUA GLAD TO BE HERE PERIOD

TUA-TRIGGER CONTINUE TO STAND BY FOR POSSIBLE INTERCEPTION MESSAGE FROM PISTOL TWO PERIOD CIRCUIT MAY BE LOUSED UP PERIOD EOM TRIGGER-TUA WILDO PERIOD

There followed an interchange of messages between Tuamani and Oa Titia.

TUA-OA YOU HEARD ANYTHING FROM PISTOL TWO QUESTION MARK

OA-TUA NEGATIVE PERIOD

TUA-OA STAND BY FOR POSSIBILITY PERIOD THEY PROBABLY H A V I N G PLENTY TROUBLE ALREADY PERIOD

OA-TUA WILDO PERIOD

Pike noted that the time of the answer from Oa Titia was fifteen hundred. Over two hours ago. There was a blank space, then several lines of X's interspersed with frequent A-A's as if the machine had developed a speech impediment. Finally he came to a long message which caused him to groan audibly. He saw that it had been sent an hour before and was specifically addressed to himself.

TUA-PISTOL TWO PERIOD URGENT PERIOD

PIKE LAZY ETHEL NOW DEFINITELY LOCATED WITH CENTER APPROXIMATELY SIXTY MILES WEST OF YOU PERIOD SAME MOVING IN GENERAL EASTERLY DIRECTION AT APPROXIMATELY TEN KNOTS PERIOD EXPECT WINDS POSSIBLY EXCEEDING ONE HUNDRED PLUS

HEAVY RAINS PERIOD STRONGLY RECOMMEND MOVING ALL PERSONNEL TO ANY AVAILABLE SHELTER

SOUTH SIDE REPEAT SOUTH SIDE NIKKI ATOLL AT ONCE PERIOD RESCUE SHIPS WITH ALL DISASTER SUPPLIES ALREADY EN ROUTE YOUR ASSISTANCE PERIOD AIRPLANES WILL ARRIVE FOR CASUALTY EVACUATION SOON AS CONDITIONS PERMIT PERIOD YOU AND PISTOL TWO METEOROLOGIST MERIT COMMENDATION FOR BEING ON TOES PERIOD WITH FEWER FACILITIES YOU SPOT-TESTED LAZY ETHEL LONG

five days of new freedom



Swimsuit by "Catalina."

What a wonderful, wonderful feeling! No more week-ends wasted! . . . Her secret? The safe internal protection that Meds offers . . . You, too, can follow the sun, wearing your briefest, prettiest clothes . . . choose absorbent, protective Meds.

Meds—2/6 for a packet of ten or Meds with applicators—4/-



Would you like to know about Meds—the internal tampon? Then fill in the coupon and mail to:

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Dear Nurse Reid, Please forward me, under plain wrapper, the free Meds booklet, "It's So Much Easier When You Know."

NAME ADDRESS

STATE



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Float your feet on latex foam. It's heavenly! Soft, soothing insoles made of Spheron — hygienic, air-ventilated foam. Only Scholl has it! 5/9 pr. Men's & Women's, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe dealers, Scholl depots.

● You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

To page 51

The only way to cream is with



REAL CREAM

Taste the *Wonderful difference* when you use

**TONGALA
CREAM**



Its *Swiss Style* Richness is permanently protected in **GOLD-LINED CANS**

The gold-lined cans protect Tongala's distinctive **real cream** flavour and all its natural goodness—keeping it pure and fresh. Taste the wonderful difference when you cream your favourite dessert with Tongala cream. Try it today with Hargreaves' sliced pineapple. You'll love it!

Buy **TONGALA** cream now in the
 Economy King Size can.
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 **NEW handy-sized
4 oz. CAN**



and always keep a stock of **TONGALA STERILIZED MILK**... it's pure natural cows milk in cans!

MAKE YOUR MEALS MOBILE

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**

**Our Food and
Cookery Expert**

WHETHER you are entertaining guests or serving a meal to the family, make a welcome change in the usual routine by having food that can be transported easily on a traymobile or a pleasant spot indoors or out.

This pleasant and relaxed way of living will be appreciated by everyone, especially the housewife, whose work in preparing the meal will be much reduced.

Recipes on this page cater more for special meals, but all routine meals will receive a lift when served informally from a traymobile or dinner-wagon.

Spoon measurements are level and the ingredients in each recipe are sufficient to serve four persons.

CHIPPED TOMATO FRESHENER

Two cups chopped tomato, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper, sour cream, chopped chives.

Place tomato, water, celery, onion, and lemon juice in an electric blender and blend 15 to 30 seconds. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place in refrigerator trays and freeze until ice flakes begin to form and mixture is mushy. Pour into container and serve immediately with a topping of thick sour cream and chopped chives.

Alternatively, the mixture could be cooked for 15 minutes, rubbed through a fine sieve, cooled, and then placed in refrigerator trays.

CHILLED VEGETABLE CREME

Two cups clear meat stock, 1 onion, 1 leek, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1lb. potatoes, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, chives.

Cook sliced onion and leek in butter or margarine until soft but not browned. Add peeled and finely sliced potatoes and meat stock; cook 10 minutes. Push through a fine sieve, add heated milk, and season to taste. Serve chilled with a sprinkling of chopped chives.

SPAGHETTI CAPRICE

Quarter pound spaghetti, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork sausage meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef sausage meat, 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 2 large onions, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cubed liverwurst, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 cup stock or water, medley of seasonings such as bay leaf, dried basil, dried thyme or 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tasty grated cheese.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain and set aside. Cook combined sausage meats (except liverwurst) in heated oil until well browned, add finely chopped onion and garlic and cook a further 15 minutes. Drain off any fat, add liverwurst, stock, tomatoes, tomato paste and seasonings, and simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Fold in the chopped olives and spaghetti and turn into a casserole dish. Sprinkle with cheese and bake in a moderate oven until well heated through before serving.

Other varieties of tinned, preserved, or fresh meats can be used if desired.

PINEAPPLE RICE

One cup cooked sweetened rice, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup crushed drained pineapple, 1 cup chilled evaporated milk, extra pineapple pieces, glace cherries, cream.

Soften gelatine in water, stand over hot water to dissolve. Combine rice with pineapple, add gelatine and fold in whipped evaporated milk. Pour into mould, chill until firm. Turn out, decorate with extra pieces of pineapple, glace cherries, and whipped sweetened cream.

*Meals served from a traymobile on verandah, patio,
or in the sunroom are enjoyable, relaxed, and in
keeping with the modern trend for informal living.*



DEVILLED TUNA

Three-quarters to one pound cooked shredded tuna or salmon, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fish liquor, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Tabasco sauce, salt, pepper, 2 slices bread, 1 small onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped shallot, 2 hard-boiled eggs, extra 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs.

Heat butter or margarine in saucepan, blend in flour, cook 1 minute and stir in combined fish liquor and milk. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens, season with sauces, salt, and pepper. Remove crusts from bread, cut into cubes and arrange in shallow oven-proof dish. Cover with broken fish pieces, chopped sauteed onion and shallot, and chopped eggs. Pour sauce over and sprinkle with breadcrumbs which have been tossed in the extra heated butter. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve with grilled tomato halves and buttered green peas.

APPETISER SALAD

Fresh lettuce leaves, grapefruit segments, cooked flaked fish or shelled prawns or crab meat or lobster meat, mayonnaise, sliced stuffed olives, paprika, pineapple sticks, finely chopped parsley, cheese blocks, celery curls, tomato slices, cucumber slices, radish roses, lemon juice.

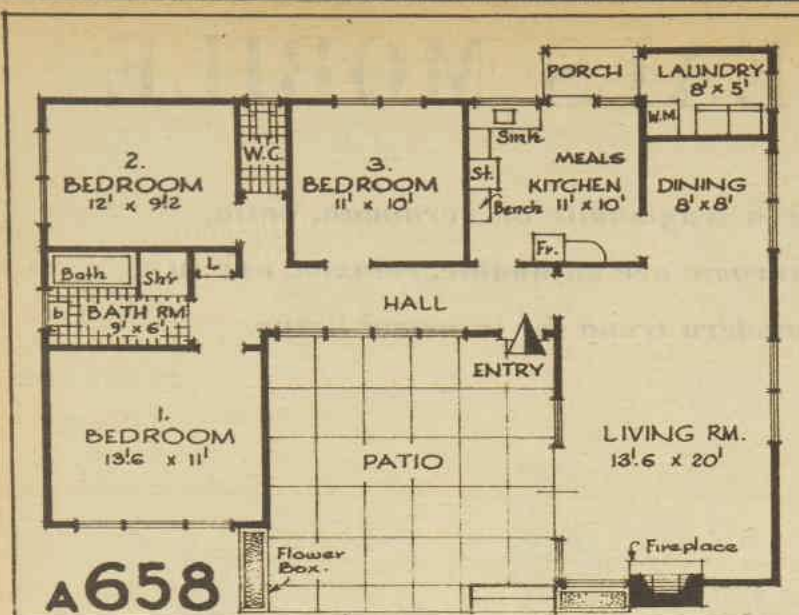
Wash lettuce leaves well, crisp up in refrigerator. Select small cup-shaped leaves and arrange on salad platter. Fill half the cups with fish and grapefruit tossed with a little lemon juice. Top with mayonnaise and a slice of olive, sprinkle with paprika. Fill remaining cups with cheese blocks and pineapple sticks coated with chopped parsley. Garnish platter with celery curls, tomato and cucumber slices, and radish roses.

ATTRACTIVE MEAL illustrated on the traymobile above includes icy tomato juice and a delicious spaghetti dish with crisp salad and bread rolls. The dessert is made from chilled fruits in season. Coffee is served with peppermints and a selection of nuts.

HAM AND ASPARAGUS RAMEKINS

One and a half cups medium-thickness white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped ham, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, squeeze lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tin asparagus spears (reserving some tips for garnishing), soft breadcrumbs, butter.

Mix sauce, ham, mustard, lemon juice, cayenne pepper, and chopped asparagus. Fill into greased ramekin dishes. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Reheat and lightly brown tops in oven. Garnish with asparagus tips.



ABOVE: Area of the terrace in relation to the house is clearly seen in ground plan. Paved in stone or brick, this terrace would make the ideal place for outdoor entertaining.



SKETCH of the house built in timber shows a pleasant contrast between vertical panels used at the front entrance and horizontal beams in the remainder of the home.

U-shape home with central terrace

● Our home plan this week is in a U-shape that encloses a large central terrace, making a delightful approach to the home, as well as a spacious extension of the living area.

THIS type of terrace is not merely decorative but can be used throughout the year because it is so well protected from wind, and cannot be overlooked by neighbors.

View from street and foot-path could also be obscured by trees and shrubs in the front garden.

The architect, Mr. F. T. Humphrys, of Melbourne, has designed the home with a simple hip roof and hopper windows set between fixed glass panels. These, or other features of the house, could be modified or altered to suit the individual tastes of a home-builder.

In the living-room, two sets of windows on opposite walls

ensure cooling cross ventilation.

The living-room is a comfortable, spacious area which narrows into a dining section at one end. Should the family prefer to use this area for formal dining, there is room in the kitchen for a breakfast nook.

On the other side of the house, three bedrooms are grouped together, with bathroom and separate toilet adjacent.

The total area of this design is 12.56 squares in brick, and 11.43 squares in timber or fibro construction.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In South Australia: Brick, £3800; timber, £3355; asbestos, £3300.

In Queensland: Brick, £5315; timber, £3475; fibro, £3360.

In Tasmania: Brick, £5075; timber, £3205.

In Canberra: Brick, £5715; timber, £3950.

In Victoria: Brick, £4755; brick veneer, £4175; timber, £3297; fibro, £3075.

In New South Wales: Brick, £5325; timber, £3845; fibro, £3615.

EXHIBITION

THE prizewinners and other interesting home plans entered in The Australian Family Home Competition sponsored by Taubman's Industries Ltd. will be shown to the public at FitzGerald's store, Hobart.

The exhibition will open on February 13.

Plans on sale

THIS plan can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in leading stores.

Standard plans are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three of specifications. Fee, £7/7/- full set.

We publish a new standard plan each week.

Plans are specially prepared to any reader's individual requirements. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

Addresses are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium on Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's, and Master Builders' Bureau, Miranda.



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Prove how Persil with more pure soap gives soft gentle suds.

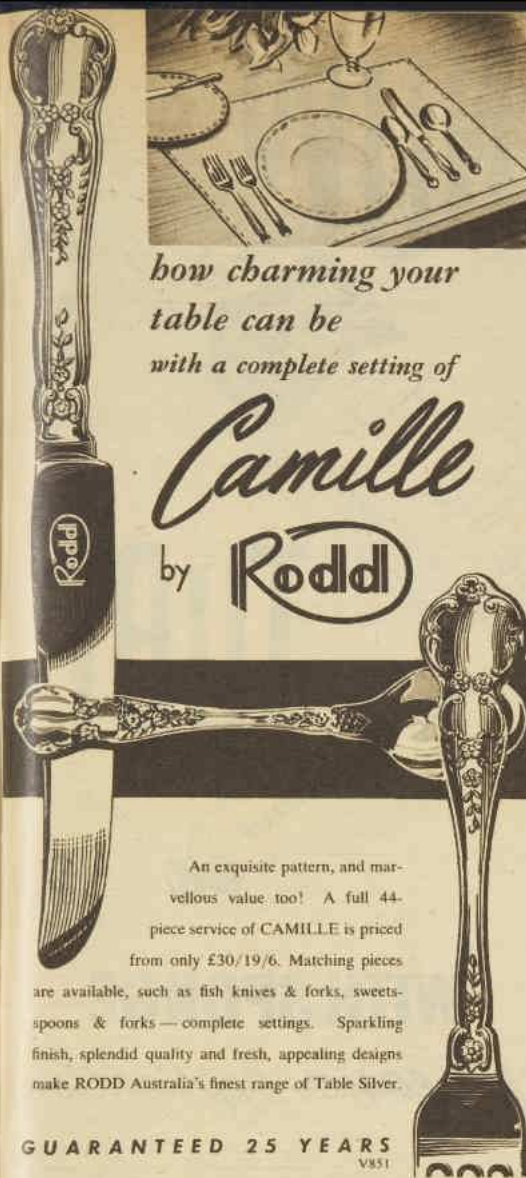
Look at the lovely soft suds you get with Persil now. You can even feel how much milder they are. More pure soap — that's the secret of New Persil's extra gentleness. Millions of soft, bubbly suds ease out

the dirt, thoroughly but gently. Your hands stay soft and smooth through the biggest wash. What a pleasure it is — to get that famous Persil whiteness with such kindness to your hands.

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how charming your table can be with a complete setting of

Camille

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An exquisite pattern, and marvellous value, too! A full 44-piece service of CAMILLE is priced from only £30/19/6. Matching pieces are available, such as fish knives & forks, sweet-spoons & forks—complete settings. Sparkling finish, splendid quality and fresh, appealing designs make RODD Australia's finest range of Table Silver.

GUARANTEED 25 YEARS
V851

Recipes for your file

● On this page and overleaf are four recipes to add to your cookery file. The recipes are printed back to back with ingredients and method on one side and pictures on the other. Cut along the dotted lines and each is complete.

QUICK BEEF RAMEKINS



SPICED WALNUT ROLL

● Four eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, fresh whipped cream or mock cream, extra walnuts.

Separate eggs. Beat egg-whites with salt and vanilla until stiff; gradually beat in sugar. Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Fold into meringue mixture. Then lightly fold in walnuts, sifted flour, and spice. Spread mixture into large greased swiss-roll tin and bake in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen sides of cake with knife and turn out on to a clean tea-towel dusted lightly with castor sugar. Roll up from the shortest side; allow to stand 3 minutes. Unroll and remove tea-towel; roll up again and leave until cold. Carefully unroll and spread with cream; re-roll. Top with cream and decorate with walnut pieces.

JIFFY LUNCHEON DISH



CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

● One and three-quarters cups flour, 1 1-3rd cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked mashed pumpkin, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 3 eggs.

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, and cocoa into a large bowl. Add shortening; blend. Combine pumpkin, mixed spice, and water. Add half of this to the first mixture and mix well. Mix in eggs one at a time. Then add remaining pumpkin mixture. Beat well for 2 minutes. Pour into 2 greased 8-inch sandwich-tins or three 7-inch sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. When cooked, cool on cake-cooler. Sandwich together with whipped sweetened fresh cream or mock cream (flavored with sherry or lemon juice) and ice with chocolate icing. Decorate with chopped walnuts.



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Reckitt's Blue

for keeping white things sparkling white

And remember!

Robin STARCH
keeps things crisper, cleaner longer.

Because it's as fine as talc

BON AMI

cleans safely!

BON AMI NEVER SCRATCHES!
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BON AMI NEVER REDDENS OR ROUGHENS YOUR HANDS!



Bon Ami is as fine and silky as talc. That's why it's so gentle and safe for baths, sinks, windows and every household purpose. So kind to your hands, too. Besides, Bon Ami cleans and polishes like no other coarser cleanser can!

Gentle Bon Ami is also available in a convenient cake form.



BE SAFE! USE BON AMI
—"it hasn't scratched yet!"

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING



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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

● **PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER** You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder." Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

Summertime... First Aid time!



Next time the kiddies (or you) say "OUCH", reach for



with Super Stick
and 20 vents for faster healing

• You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/6 a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.

Give Baby Lovely Curls

CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

More Recipes for filing

• Below are the other recipes that complete this series of four for your kitchen file. Each of the four recipes is kitchen-tested, so the housewife can be confident and assured of a successful result whenever she cooks them.

QUICK BEEF RAMEKINS

• Two and a half cups cold cooked meat, 2 bouillon cubes, 2½ cups boiling water, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 small tin mushrooms, ½ cup cooked chopped celery, ½ cup cooked chopped carrot, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, tomatoes as required, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Cut meat into inch cubes; dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water. Melt butter or margarine in pan, add flour, cook 3 minutes without browning; stir in bouillon stock and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add vegetables, meat cubes, and seasonings. Spoon into greased individual ovenproof dishes. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes with tomato halves sprinkled with cheese and breadcrumbs. Serve hot. Serves 4 or 5 persons.

SPICED WALNUT ROLL



JEFFY LUNCHEON DISH

• One pound frankfurts, 1 large tin baked beans, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 rashers chopped bacon, salt and pepper to taste, oil for frying, 1 loaf Vienna bread, butter, 2 small pickled cucumbers, parsley.

Place frankfurts in large saucepan of water, bring slowly to the boil, leave until required. Heat oil in frying-pan, add onion and garlic, and saute until lightly brown; remove and drain on absorbent paper. Place chopped bacon pieces in pan; saute. Combine baked beans, onions, garlic, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper with bacon in pan; heat. Cut bread in ½-inch slices; butter. Place a thin slice of pickled cucumber on each piece of bread. Arrange hot frankfurts in centre of serving-dish, spoon over baked-bean mixture. Place bread slices along edges, garnish with parsley.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE



WITH SPONGE
for easier application

- Easy to apply
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a better white for white shoes

**OXFORD WHITE
CLEANER**

**Australians use
more and more Marveer
furniture polish.**

**The reason is that it makes
the care of furniture far easier.**

It's easy and inexpensive to restore furniture with Marveer — Nature's own food for furniture and woodwork. Just a few drops will remove scratches and stains — impart a gleaming "new look" polish.

**Fine for refrigerators —
Laminex too!**

Yes, Marveer will give a sparkling new look to all baked enamel, plastic and Laminex surfaces. Refrigerator, stove-front, electric mixer, telephone, wireless cabinet, leatherette

upholstery, children's toys, can be cleaned and polished with Marveer!

Also in 1 gallon cans for Hospitals, institutions, and commercial users.



A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10 Vic.



FOR EASIER HANDLING in preparing the passionfruit slices, chill biscuit dough until firm. Cut into slices, using a sharp knife, place on oven-tray, and bake. See recipe.

Fish casserole wins prize

A recipe for an appetising layered casserole which is served with savory cheese biscuits wins the £5 prize this week.

FOR a more crunchy coating, roll the cheese biscuit mixture in crushed vermicelli instead of the coconut before baking.

A recipe for easy-to-make biscuits which are joined with a passionfruit cream wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHICKEN AND SALMON BAKE

One pkt. chicken noodle soup, 1½ cups water, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 8oz. tin salmon, 2 cups cooked rice, ½ cup chutney, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Prepare soup, according to directions on label, using the 1½ cups water. Melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth, then add milk, bring to boil, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Fold in curry, salmon, and prepared soup. Place mixture in alternate layers with rice and chutney. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until thoroughly re-heated.

Cheese Biscuits: Two ounces butter, 2oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. tasty cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, coconut.

Rub butter into flour, add cheese and cayenne pepper. Mix well, shape into little

balls, roll in coconut. Place on greased oven-slide and bake in slow oven 30 minutes. Arrange on top of casserole just before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. St. Hill, 11 Wentworth Street, Bellerive, Tas.

PASSIONFRUIT SLICES

Biscuits: Four ounces cream or shredded soft cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream Filling: One ounce butter, 1 cup icing-sugar, 2 or 3 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 passionfruit, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Cream cheese and shortening together, add sifted flour, salt, and nutmeg; mix thoroughly. Form into roll approximately 1½ inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper, place in refrigerator 1 hour. Remove, cut roll into ½-inch-thick slices, using sharp knife. Place on greased oven-tray and bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Loosen with spatula, cool on trays. When cold, join in pairs with the following filling:

Cream Filling: Soften butter, add icing-sugar, beat well. Stir in lemon rind and passionfruit pulp. Add sufficient lemon juice to make a spreading consistency.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Graham, 49 Pemberton Street, Strathfield, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

LAMB or hogget stewing chops make this week's family dish, which costs 8/- to 9/-, depending on meat used, and serves five.

LAMB CHOPS NEAPOLITAN

Five stewing chops, 1 clove garlic, 3 tablespoons olive oil, salt and pepper, 1 onion, 1 small tin chicken or mushroom soup, ½ cup white table wine and ½ cup water, 3 carrots, 1 turnip, 4 medium-sized potatoes.

Heat oil with peeled garlic in large, heavy pan, add chops, brown both sides, seasoning lightly while cooking. Remove garlic, add chopped onion, chicken or mushroom soup, wine and water. Cover with tightly fitting lid, simmer gently 1 hour until meat is barely tender. Scrape carrots, cut into strips, peel turnip and potatoes. Cut turnip into dice and potatoes into quarters. Arrange vegetables on top of meat, season lightly, and re-cover with tightly fitting lid. Cook gently further ½ hour until vegetables and meat are quite tender.

Thousands enjoy it every day...



MARMITE on the morning toast

Double Rich *

More spreads per jar



Your man will hoe in like a happy youngster the moment he discovers what a delicious difference Marmite makes to toast. The zest it adds! The enjoyment it brings!

Marmite will start him off in top gear, fortified with the nourishment of yeast AND vegetable extracts. Only Marmite has this double richness, and that's why it is the finest of all spreads.

Economical? Of course! Just a smear on each slice of toast is enough. How about toast'n'Marmite all round for breakfast tomorrow?

*** A perfect blending of both yeast and vegetable extracts**

BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

—but which would you say was
the most thoughtful?



An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.



Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the whole toilet will be sparkling clean . . . free of germs and unpleasant odours.

Pleasant way to really clean your toilet . . .

Sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

To keep your toilet clean and bright
Sprinkle Harpic every night

HARPIC

REGD.
Lavatory Cleanser

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS



Window gardens



● The enormous number of flats and duplex homes built in capital cities in recent years has resulted in a greatly increased demand for window gardens.

IN many modern buildings, architects and builders have made provision for garden-lovers, with built-in, well-drained troughs and wide casement window-sills.

Any gardener considering a window-box should know that concrete has several advantages over wood: Concrete holds moisture and soil better, requires no painting or maintenance, and will never fall to pieces.

Window troughs are fairly cheap to buy, but any reasonably competent handyman could make one, stained or painted to harmonise with the color scheme of the house or flat.

The trough should be at least nine inches deep. Shallow troughs dry out quickly in summer, and one day without water could kill the plants.

Window gardens are usually filled with soil that remains there several years, so good drainage is important. At least an inch of coarse gravel or cinders should be laid at the bottom of the trough, and a thin layer of peat or sphagnum moss placed over this.

Soil should consist of good rich loam, some sand, and plenty of fibrous matter, such as well-sifted cow manure, old turf, or leaf mould. If a little sheep or fowl manure is added to this annually, the troughs should not need re-soiling for several years.

Wooden boxes should be made of cypress pine or Californian redwood, which are extremely damp-resistant. They should be painted twice with zinc paint, inside and out, before assembling. Brass screws should be used instead of nails.

Seepage and surplus water can be carried away by placing a shallow tray under the trough, with a zinc or galvanized iron gutter to carry the moisture away from the walls, preventing ugly stains on brickwork.

BEDDING PETUNIAS such as *Rosy Morn*, *Rose of Heaven*, *Fire Chief*, and *Violetacea* are among the showiest annuals for window gardens. They stand up well to drought and neglect, and flower during the hottest weather. Seedlings should be set out now for late color effect.



HERE is an old car tyre cut up and painted (or lacquered) a bright red and filled with pink flowering mesembryanthemum. There are twenty or more other varieties that would do equally well in such a container, including *M. Chamberlainii* (bright orange flowers that change to cerise violet), *M. aurantiaco* (double orange), *Dorothy Russell* (very mauve), *speciosum* (bright red, dark eye), and *glaucens* (small pink flowers and greyish foliage).

VITTADINIA TRILOBA (below), a showy, generous-flowering, spreading plant of low stature, is ideal for a wide window box, built-in trough, or big tub. The tiny white, daisy-like flowers turn deep pink with age, and appear from spring to autumn. The plant self-sows freely, and the trailing laterals usually take root at intervals, providing easy propagation of several more plants for other places.



ALYSSUM, or Sweet Alice (above), has been popular here for more than 100 years. The white variety is being supplanted by *Lover's Lady* (a pale lavender color) and by the perennial varieties *A. rostratum* (yellow grey foliage) and *saxatile* (bright yellow). All of these plants are of spreading habit and require room for expansion as they grow. They are all fragrant. The entire family can be raised easily from seed at this time of the year.

Continuing . . . The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

BEFORE ANY OF US PERIOD GOOD LUCK PERIOD

from page 43

KEATING

There were two more messages, the second of which had just been transmitted.

TUA-PISTOL TWO URGENT
IF STILL ABLE TO COMMUNICATE ADVISE YOUR LATEST WEATHER AND DISPERSAL OF PERSONNEL PERIOD

There was, of course, no answer. Where the reply from Pistol Two should have been, the paper offered only a blank space to Pike's agonised eyes.

TUA-ALL STATIONS SPECIAL ASSUME PISTOL TWO EVACUATED PERIOD HOWEVER ALL STATIONS ON CIRCUIT WILL STAND BY FOR POSSIBLE MESSAGE INTERCEPTION FROM THERE PERIOD CIRCUIT WILL REMAIN CLOSED TO ALL EXCEPT EMERGENCY TRANSMISSION UNTIL LAZY ETHEL LEAVE AREA PERIOD.

KEATING

For the first time in his life Zebulon Pike looked down at his strong hands and found himself wishing for a gun. There was he thought with a mind that had suddenly become remarkably clear, only one answer. His West Point ring glistened in the light and he found it a hideous mockery. Other officers who could not live with themselves had found the answer before . . . and, at least, there was some sympathy for their memory. It was the oldest creed of the true soldier in any country, as ancient and time-honoured as the Roman Legions. Yes, he could easily borrow the Marine's automatic.

He stood up with the definite intention of appropriating Peterson's gun as soon as they met on the wharf. Nor was it fear which caused him to change his mind as he carefully turned out the light and left the communications shack. Zebulon Pike had been laughed at aplenty since the day he was first commissioned a second lieutenant. Zebulon Pike was a paper warrior with a very few friends who had nursed him through a whole blundering career, and he could think of three times when only near miracles had saved him from earlier disgrace. But no one had ever accused him of not being a soldier.

This last time for Zeb Pike was not going to be a failure. He was not going to cover for himself. He would get the people of Pistol Two down to the south side of Nikki, behind the hill. He would do so no matter what difficulties were involved.

He marched calmly through the rain, his shoulders well back, his arms swinging in easy cadence. He knew now that he was not parading before others, but before himself, and he marched proudly. When his people were safe, or at least as safe as they possibly could be under the circumstances, then he would get on with the other business. As befitted Zebulon Pike, General, U.S.A.

When he reached the wharf, Peterson was waiting for him. He was standing beneath the eaves of the warehouse huddled in his poncho. Pike forced an easy smile when he saw him.

"Any sign of our boat yet?"

"Yessir. I saw the lights. They should be here in a minute. You want your rain gear, sir?"

"Yes. Thank you very much.

Fine night for a picnic, eh, Marine? Ho. Ho!"

Compared to the terrain which now confronted them,

Adam and Doolan saw that their swim across the channel might rate as the easiest part of their expedition. They had found the native village completely abandoned. A few minutes' search of the beach area confirmed their fast-growing fears that nothing which might be practical for crossing the lagoon had been left behind.

They discovered one ancient canoe beneath a copra-drying shed, but it was badly split along the bottom, the outrigger was missing, and there were no paddles. So after only a few minutes' hopeless discussion of its suitability they set off along the beach, following the inside rim of the coral ring which formed Nikki.

The first mile along the beach proved easy going. Then, just as the first drops of rain began to fall, they met the first shocking obstacle. They came upon an inlet which could not be circled because of the heavy entanglement of brush surrounding its entire border. This inlet was much wider than the channel between the native village and Pistol Two.

For the first half-mile they were able to wade across the inlet although they stumbled frequently on the uneven bottom and Adam, who was in the lead, stepped off twice into deep holes and floundered wildly before he could find sure footing again. Soon afterward the floor of the lagoon sank abruptly and they were forced to swim the last part of the inlet. At least they reached a slime-covered ledge of coral which lay only a few inches below the surface.

DOO LAN promptly sat down and cursed Adam. When he had exhausted his extensive vocabulary and his words had brought no reaction from Adam other than a mild request that he get on his feet so they could move again, Doolan said grudgingly, "You should have been a Marine." "I'm hardly the type, but thank you anyway," Adam answered and started off splashing through the shallow water. It was nearly dark. The lagoon was now a deep grey, and an indefinite mass on their right hand. The rain obscured any horizon.

One inlet followed another. They were able to work their way around a few without entering the lagoon, but the majority required wading at least waist deep and several obliged them to swim. Doolan complained they were making less than a mile an hour and stated with profane conviction that they would never reach the north side of Nikki until the following morning . . . if they ever did. Adam remained silent, pausing only occasionally to glance at the fast-darkening sky.

Eventually they came upon a region of the beach where the undergrowth was impenetrable. They turned inland, away from the lagoon, and towards the sea itself. Here, Adam stubbornly refused to pause for a rest and led Doolan through several hundred yards of brambles and cactus-like undergrowth, which sliced at their clothing and left long, deep cuts on their skin. Finally they were able to turn forward again, and with the last light they moved along the narrow strip of land separating the lagoon and the sea.

It was more than two hours before they saw a glow of light ahead and knew for certain that they were approaching the

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DANDRUFF!

... you just can't wash it away

Theraderm medicates away dandruff and itchy scalp in just 3 applications



Not a shampoo, not a tonic, Bristol-Myers Theraderm is a clinically tested and proven formula which removes the scalp germs and hard layer of dead skin cells that cause dandruff and itchy scalp.

Theraderm is a medicine for dandruff. Unlike shampoos, tonics and ordinary preparations, Theraderm gets down where the dandruff starts. With just three applications, Theraderm clears up the worst dandruff and itchy scalp — Easily! Quickly!

Tested by skin specialists: Skin specialists in America tested Theraderm for over four years. It was found to be completely effective even in dandruff cases so severe that doctors' strong prescription remedies could not relieve them adequately. Now in Australia, thousands of former dandruff sufferers are getting lasting relief with Theraderm.

How Theraderm Keeps your hair free from Dandruff for months

Theraderm

with Sarthionate

12/6 from your Chemist

A product of Bristol-Myers Laboratories



Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove loose dandruff but leave a hard crust of dandruff scales on your scalp to form new flakes within days.



Theraderm which contains the exclusive ingredient Sarthionate, penetrates the hard crust of scales and lifts it off — leaves your scalp free from dandruff for from one month to four months.

Note to Physicians:

The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For details of these tests write to your nearest Bristol-Myers Office.

north side of Nikki. The rain was still spasmodic and much lighter than Adam had dared hope. He was grateful, too, that as yet there was no definite indication of wind.

They paused for only a moment to look at the light. Doolan moved beside Adam and catching his breath said huskily, "Now I'll be a red-haired son of a monkey! We almost got it made."

When the boat snorted up to the wharf Pike was astonished to see Sue-Anne standing in the bow. She was the only passenger. She was wet and he knew that she was angry. When she held out her hand for aid to the wharf, Pike ignored it and jumped down beside her.

"What are you doing back here, Sue-Anne?"

"What am I doing? I came back for some bourbon, that's what. Who but you would think of slinging a picnic without any liquor? Why, there's not a drop up there, as if it wasn't the dullest place I evah

Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

from page 51

been, anyway. What are we supposed to be doing? Working for our Eagle Scout badge?"

"Shut up."

Pike said it quietly, yet very firmly. Then he turned aft to the boat operator. "Shove off," he said. "Get us back to the north side at full speed."

Peterson slid reluctantly into the boat. "Sir? What about Doolan and that Smith fella? We just leave them here?"

"I'm sure they've gone already. We have a lot more people to worry about."

The operator gunned his engines and the boat slid swiftly away from the dock. Pike turned to Sue-Anne and held out a raincoat. She regarded both the boat and her husband in stunned disbelief.

"Zebulon Pike," she said finally. "You gone right out of your mind?"

"Maybe I found that I had one."

"You told me to shut up," she said accusingly.

"I did. Put this raincoat on." She hesitated; then without taking her eyes from him she moved into the boat. Something in his manner and his eyes caused her voice to soften.

"What's wrong, Zebulon? What's come over you?"

"Lazy Ethel."

"Who?"

"Lazy Ethel. It's the name of a storm. It's coming this way fast and it isn't going to be any picnic. Because of me you'll all be lucky to get out with your lives."

"What have you got to do with a storm? You haven't had a drink, have you, Zebulon? If so, I'll never forgive . . ."

"No. I haven't been drinking although I might just as well have been. I've been blind and stupid enough to qualify for a lot of things."

His voice trailed off while he took her hand and held it thoughtfully. Then he said, "I wouldn't admit it to myself, but I've known what you've thought of me all these years. And you were right. You married the dumbest soldier in the American Army."

"Zebulon . . . I don't know you just now! You're tired. You're in trouble."

"I'm not a bit tired."

He turned aft and yelled at the boat operator. "Can't you make this thing go any faster?"

The operator shook his head. Pike gently placed his arm around Sue-Anne. Looking at the black lagoon, he said, "I'm sorry, Precious. This night isn't going to be much fun for anybody . . . especially not for you."

THOSE who were encamped on the north side of Nikki passed the early part of the afternoon with little complaint or discomfort. The children, shepherded with varying degrees of success by their mothers, found endless, screeching pleasure in their exploration of the sand hummocks. Barney Dunbar and a group of laborers seasoned by years of employment on Government projects, and long accustomed to completely incomprehensible deviation from the specific tasks they had been hired to perform, took the opportunity to sleep.

Albright was everywhere, mincing and swaying and mashing potatoes with his voice, and yet showing surprising concern for the welfare of his charges. When Aubrey Tinsman decided to go for a swim and cut his foot on a jagged piece of coral, Albright acted as a crutch so that he could limp to Dr. Case for treatment.

Albright was less successful in the latter part of the day, shortly after his return from seeing Pike. He knew then that the picnic would continue through at least a part of the night and something had to be done about light. After an extensive search, he found Carlos Raveza slumbering peacefully beneath a bush.

"Wake up, if you please, Mr. Raveza. We're going to need some light eventually."

Carlos opened his eyes, rolled over on his side.

"So? Then you have come to the wrong person."

"You're the chief electrician, aren't you, old boy?"

"Yes. But I am not an old boy. I am like a young boy, you might say, in especially when I am dreaming in the manner which you just stop. You broke the film just as it

reaches the most interesting part."

"Let there be light." . . . Then you can go back to your dreaming."

"You do not comprehend," Carlos said with a mighty yawn.

"It is true that I am in charge of light . . . along with the help of God. But I am not mechanic. The machine which makes the light is small and obstinate. It is a gasoline engine and it is complicated. It does not function at all. So until the machine is fixed, please go away and leave me alone. I would like to close my eyes and say, ah, this is where I came in. Adios."

It was almost dark before Albright found one of the mechanics and persuaded him to tinker with the portable light plant. In fact, Albright's chief problem in the encampment was the peripatetic tendencies of his flock. They were constantly going off in the two directions which the narrow strip of land afforded, and they were particularly attracted to the area occupied by Tanni and his people. Knowing that Pike would be anything but enthusiastic about fraternisation between the two groups, Albright did what he could to keep them apart. Dr. Case proved to be the most consistent offender, having found, as he described it, a soul mate in Terry Mack.

"We share a common lack of respect for authority," he explained after Albright had persuaded him back to his own area for the third time. "That little fellow is a jewel."

The last time Albright retrieved Dr. Case he told him about Terry Mack's eye.

"I asked him if he had ever had any treatment for it," Case explained, "and I'm going to think about his answer for a long time. 'No, m'lud,' he said to me. 'Because I don't really miss it so much as you think. When I want to see something I turn my good eye at it and when I don't I turn my head just a little the other way.'"

"Please," Albright said without having heard a word. "Please stay over here with us. That's all I ask, Doctor."

There was no marked change in the atmosphere of either encampment until the first drop-lets of rain fell. Then, as it grew darker and the people were drawn together, those of Pistol Two began to complain. The children cried more frequently and fought out their pettishness in unorganised wars.

The laborers, slept out, and almost as restless as the children, demanded to know what this was all about. Were they going to spend the whole night in this dirty place which smelled of dead fish? And what about some chow? Why not just take the boats and go back to Pistol Two and gear up the mess hall and at least get something to eat before everybody got soaking wet?

Albright temporarily dissuaded them by pointing out the tarpaulins they had brought. If they would just rig those between the boats and perhaps fasten the ends as far up the beach as they could, then everyone would be more comfortable until word came to return.

By the time the portable generator putted to life and Carlos Raveza had managed to connect a line which carried two bare lamps, it was obvious that further amenities would be required to pacify Albright's charges. The rain was creating real anger, and several of the men were muttering that they didn't like the look of things one bit. So this was only supposed to be a drill? Well, the weather was sure co-operating. How come Nature knew about it?

Pike's name was mentioned with increasing frequency, and

since the references were far from complimentary Albright thought it just as well Sue-Anne had demanded transportation back to Pistol Two. The situation further deteriorated when the two pressure camp stoves refused to work in spite of the best efforts of Mrs. Riley, her husband, and various volunteer experts from all departments.

They were obliged to imitate the natives, and after a great deal of milling about over the hummocks they found enough suitable wood to build a small fire. As many as could push through the crowd around it stood in angry silence, only forsaking their places when the pungent smoke became unbearable.

At last, when the rain steadied to more than isolated showers, a delegation of six men led by Barney Dunbar approached Albright. He found it extremely difficult to maintain a casual air as they gathered before him.

Barney Dunbar cleared his throat ominously and, placing his gnarled hands on his hips, said, "Look here, Mr. Albright.

We been talkin' this thing over and we don't like what we see. You told us this was a drill, and, well, we could make it sort of a picnic if we want . . . Well, we had enough drill and picnic, too. Our kids are hungry and they'll be up past their bedtime pretty soon. And our wives don't like this sittin' around on the wet sand and we don't care much for it, neither. So our idea is to get out of here now and go back where we belong."

"I cannot authorise you to leave until I receive word from the Governor," Albright said, wishing that, for this occasion at least, he was not wearing shorts. He added, "I'm dreadfully sorry, really, but we must remain here."

"We just ain't goin' to, Albright. We talked it all out and we're loadin' up our families and takin' the boats. In other words, we're goin' home and Pike can yell all he wants. He can't fire us all."

"I forbid you to go near

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JENYNS

Corrective Foundations



3416 — Lumber Support



3589 — Surgical Support



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3187 — Post-operative Support

Leading Commonwealth and Overseas Surgeons recommend them . . .

You'll find in Jenyns a garment that gives sound scientific support for post-operative, pre-natal and post-natal control; for muscular and orthopaedic abnormalities of the abdomen and back, and for every woman of any age whose figure requires gentle control or correction. Only Jenyns 60 years of experience in production and design — with the aid of a famous Australian Surgeon — has made such a comprehensive range possible . . . an experience that means for women everywhere the confidence of perfect poise and posture, and the sturdy support of wayward muscles. Available in strong, washable, featherlight Coutil, Satin, Broche, Airflow Cotton and Airflow Nylon. Endorsed by the Institute of Hygiene, London.



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BRISBANE

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

You're bath-sweet in seconds with

ARRID
SUPER SPRAY



You'll love the way Arrid Super Spray keeps your underarms dry and sweet. Arrid Super Spray, in the handy squeeze bottle, sprays on in a fine fragrant mist. Dries almost instantly . . . gives you day-long protection from embarrassing perspiration odour and stains. And gentle Arrid Super Spray is so safe — cherishes even the most delicate skin . . . won't stain your clothes.

ARRID SUPER SPRAY — in the ocean blue squeeze bottle. At all cosmetic counters—6/11.

Arrid Lotion and Cream too!

So soothing! NEW!
ARRID ROLL-ON

New lotion deodorant with lanolin rolls protection into all the pores . . . rolls away perspiration odour. In the bottle with the ball on top—at all cosmetic counters—7/6



So soft, so smooth
ARRID CREAM

The cream deodorant that safely checks perspiration and stops odour. Arrid cream is gentle—it won't hurt your skin or your clothes. Available in two handy sizes—Regular—3/9, large 5/10

USE ARRID . . . TO BE SAFE . . . TO BE SURE.

Chemist Advice on Baby Care



Mother knows best but . . .

As guardian of your baby's health what a comfort it is to have the skilled, friendly advice of your family chemist. Every mother, however wise and wonderful, is sometimes uncertain as to which product is best for baby. Your chemist knows. You buy from him with confidence because he only recommends brands that meet the highest standards. More than that, his specialist knowledge guides you to the particular brands which care for your baby best. And so for all the family. Whether it's saccharine or shaving cream, cough drops or cologne, ask your family chemist. He knows. The extra protection his knowledge gives you costs not a penny more.

ask your **Family Chemist**
... he knows

SHOPPING AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST COSTS NO MORE EVEN WITH ALL THESE ADDED BENEFITS: C'WLTH. FREE MEDICINE, HOSPITAL & MEDICAL BENEFITS, TAX DEDUCTIBLE MEDICINES, PENSIONERS' & REPATRIATION MEDICAL SCHEME, AND SUNDAY AND HOLIDAY SERVICES.

An Announcement of the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia on behalf of the Chemists of New South Wales.





Hey! can't get into
these shorts now,
they've shrunk!
THEY WEREN'T
LABELLED
"SANFORIZED"



Curse these overalls!
shrunk to blazes!
THEY WEREN'T LABELLED
"SANFORIZED"

Wait till I see that
sales girl, she said
it was shrinkproof!
BUT IT WASN'T
LABELLED
"SANFORIZED"



These jeans must
have shrunk 2 sizes!
THEY WEREN'T
LABELLED
"SANFORIZED"



**EVEN THE BEST COTTON CLOTHES *
CAN BE NATURAL BORN SHRINKERS!**

Buy only garments that carry this label—
it's your assurance against shrinkage.

• SANFORIZED •
REGD. TD. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT

Never buy a cotton garment without first asking to see the Sanforized label. Whether you're paying £2 or £20, Sanforized is your certain assurance that the garment will never shrink out of style or fit, washing after washing. Don't be satisfied with vague claims — "pre-shrunk," "unshrinkable," "fully shrunk" — or mere verbal assurance. Some so-called "pre-shrunk" garments may shrink up to 5%. With Sanforized on the label, you can be sure your garment will keep its original fit through countless launderings.

* Shirts, shorts, overalls, jeans, work trousers, dresses, pyjamas, cotton materials — make sure you see the "Sanforized" label on all these.

My best dress ruined
in one washing!
IT WASN'T LABELLED
"SANFORIZED"



This shirt's choking
the daylights out of me!
IT WASN'T LABELLED
"SANFORIZED"



SIGNPOST STAMPS

Exhibition of rare editions

● Stamps worth more than half a million pounds will be on show when the first philatelic exhibition to be held in Sydney for 21 years opens at the Sydney Town Hall on February 2.

THE six-day exhibition has been organised by the combined philatelic societies of New South Wales, and the stamps, entered by collectors all over the world, will include many closely guarded rare and valuable editions.

Stamps have been signposts of history since their introduction more than 100 years ago.

Many old and practically all modern events of importance have been commemorated by new issues.

There have been Royal visit stamps, coronation stamps, centenary stamps; stamps commemorating explorers, gold-rushes, and scientific discoveries.

Russia and Hungary issued Sputnik stamps within days of the first satellite being put into orbit.

The wedding of Queen Elizabeth, the flight of the Southern Cross, Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic are all perpetuated in stamp collections.

More recently a special issue, on sale for one day only, marked the wedding of Prince Rainier of Monaco—a principality deriving its revenue almost solely from philately and gambling.

In 1937 a stamp issue almost caused a war between two Central American States.

Nicaragua brought out a stamp in that year showing part of Central America which Honduras considered its own, and the Honduran Government requested the withdrawal of the issue.

Patriotism on both sides reached fever pitch, and people began to talk of going to war. Luckily the stamps sold out and the crisis was averted.

When a printer, producing the first W.A. fourpenny stamps in 1854, put one of the transfer slips upside down he made philatelic history, and produced what is probably the rarest Australian stamp—a fourpenny inverted worth more than £2000.

Two new Australian stamps—a penny purple and a fourpenny red—will be issued on the first day of the Sydney exhibition.



FIJI STAMP of no great value but of interest to collectors, as sugarcane was incorrectly printed blue.



SPAIN produced a stamp to commemorate Charles Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic. It first appeared correctly, later with portrait inverted, then without portrait.



FIRST STAMPS of Northern District, Germany. It is rare to find such old stamps in blocks of four, as they were usually cut in strips.



QUEEN VICTORIA appears on Britain's "Penny Black" of 1840, the first regular issue in the world.



INTERESTING pair of French stamps. They are two of the first stamps to be issued in France.



When the
big wash is
OVER...

**a dirty spot's
not funny!**



Just a touch of good
golden **SUNLIGHT** before
you wash, means no
dirty spots after!

Extra dirty spots need
**SUNLIGHT'S
EXTRA WASHING
POWER**



**SUNLIGHT-
PURE AND MILD
AS SOAP CAN BE**

It's the Most!



Most cups
TO THE POUND

Most flavour
FROM EVERY CUP

Most lift!
AT ANY TIME

KINKARA is very much *your* cup of tea! So economical... so full-flavoured... so refreshing when you are tired or worried. To get the most from your teapot, buy Kinkara...

It's the
Most!



Love on a South Sea island

★ "Typee," the Herman Melville novel of love and adventure on a South Sea island in the 1840s, has been brought to the screen in Technicolor as "Enchanted Island."

Jane Powell, playing her first non-singing role, and with her blond hair brunette, is Fayaway, grand-daughter of a native chieftain. Her man Dana Andrews plays the American sailor Abner Bedford, who, deserting the whaling ship *The Dolly*, is accepted into the tribal life of the feared Typee.

Melville wrote at first-hand of the South Pacific of last century. In 1842 he deserted ship with another sailor in the Marquesas Islands. "Typee" is loosely based on their adventures.

"Enchanted Island," an R.K.O. film for M.G.M. release, was made in the lush jungle country of Mexico.

Films

WITH
**AINSLIE
BAKER**



NATIVE WEDDING scene shows Jane Powell, as Fayaway, beautiful grand-daughter of a native chieftain, being escorted to the ceremony in which she is married to Dana Andrews, as Abner Bedford, the American sailor.

TENDER moment in love story of Fayaway and Abner, whose happiness is threatened by the conflicting traditions of their two cultures. Jane Powell has changed her hair and complexion color for her Fayaway role.



You avoid the risk
of stomach upset
when you take . . .

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For HEADACHE and PAIN



Here's why Disprin will not cause stomach upset

Ordinary aspirin does not readily dissolve—it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation, such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin *dissolves in seconds* to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

PERIOD PAINS

Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN

Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Division), Sydney.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



HARRY WATT, centre, with continuity girl Helen Whitson and actor Aldo Ray on Fort Denison (Pinchgut), in Sydney Harbor, filming "The Siege of Pinchgut."

Work on 'The Siege' almost over

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

★ Filming of "The Siege of Pinchgut," the first of the present batch of big Australian films, is now nearly complete.

THE last shots are being taken at Metro's British studios in Hertfordshire, and director Harry Watt expects to finish the cutting and editing in February.

Already there are signs that production of "The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" in Sydney and "On the Beach" in Melbourne will soon be followed by other big Australian films.

First off the mark may be the Australian producer Dr. Kurt Sternberg, who wants to film "Sheba Lane," by Perth author Henrietta Drake-Brockman.

Star booked

He has arranged financial backing in England for the project, and has tentatively booked Britain's Michael Wilding for a star part.

Half the British producers I meet in my trips around the studios are hypnotised by the idea of a good Australian subject.

So are half the male stars, all looking for a nice sunburned background against which to display their manly talents.

But all complain that the stories offering don't quite fit what they have in mind.

My advice to them is to go to Australia—as Harry Watt did for his brilliant first subject, "The Overlanders"—and prospect for a story instead of merely leafing through likely Australian books.

John Mills, now working before the cameras in "The Doll," is looking for a good Australian story which he wants to make as a producer-star. He has been casting about for the right subject for over a year.

And Peter Finch is by no means tired of trips home to make movies. He, too, wants to have a go as a movie producer.

Having made "The Shiralee" for Ealing and "Robbery

Under Arms" for Rank, he has his eyes open for the right kind of Australian film saga—for himself.

Moviemakers for television have the same yearning for good Australian stories.

Gross Krasne, of America, has joined forces with Associated British to start filming "The Flying Doctor," a half-hour TV series which stars America's Richard Denning, Australia's Alan White, and England's Jill Adams.

Hannah Fisher, who leaped to riches with the world success of her "Robin Hood" TV series, is now invading the Australian scene with a new series called "Stingaree," featuring a reformed bushranger in the roaring goldrush days who works on the side of the law.

While most British film-makers swoop on Australia and worry over stories, Harry Watt gets on with the job.

Last week I watched him get the last shots of his third major movie about Australia into the can.

The setting was the interior of a dome-shaped gun-turret, copied from Pinchgut by the set designers and featuring an ancient cannon as its only furniture.

Heather Sears, her Australian suntan fading fast and touched up with make-up, sat shivering and sobbing in the arms of her film "mother," the veteran Barbara Mullen.

"Made him"

Watching from the sidelines was Harry's Australian discovery, Jerry Duggan—who, from a top feature role in this, his first movie, goes straight into the cast of Stanley Kramer's "On the Beach."

Jerry hitched at his belt, folded his arms, and, with one eye on the flashing red light enjoining silence, whispered: "Mind you, I'm still on leave of absence from my firm. My trade is a heat treater, and I'm not giving it up yet a while."



PETER FINCH . . . and



JOHN MILLS . . . both want to make films in Australia.

This modest attitude stuns his new employers. Said one of Ealing's executives: "Jerry doesn't realise yet that this film has made him."

Harry Watt climbed down from the set to talk. He is as outspoken as ever.

"It's an awful shame the Australian Government does not do something about fostering a native Australian film industry," he said.

"The people working in it just limp from odd-jobbing on one film to the next."

"As workers they're fabulously good—immensely more willing and practical than anywhere else."

"The quality of their technical work is first-class, and there's a lot of very good movie equipment in Australia."

"With a little bit of backing, and the marvellous natural filmic resources of climate and stories, Australia could be producing her own world-class movies regularly."

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Margaret Merril.

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"VANIX" Co. (Dept. W.1), Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

TV RECORD-BREAKERS



LUCILLE BALL, DESI, AND SON, DESI

• TV MILLIONAIRES are Hollywood's new aristocracy. There are quite a few: Loretta Young, Robert Young, William Bendix, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, Gale Storm are some of them. But way above them all are Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, pictured above with their five-year-old son, Desi. They take their place in show-business history as TV's first multi-millionaires, thanks mainly to their record-breaking show, "I Love Lucy." "I Love Lucy" (Sydney's Channel 9, Melbourne's Channel 7, Mondays, 8.30 p.m.) began when Australian TV was only a few months old. It is one of the most popular shows in Australia, indeed, one of the most

popular TV shows in the world. It is written and produced by Desi Arnaz, who stars with his redheaded wife, Lucille, in this hilarious comedy. Desi started out as a bongo drummer in Xavier Cugat's band. He met and married Lucille in 1940. They were almost broke when, with TV in its infancy in America, they worked out the "I Love Lucy" show. Now the pair have two children, Lucy Desires, 7, and Desi, jun. They also have their own TV industry, Desilu Productions, a five-acre farm in California, a 33ft. motor cruiser, a racehorse, as well as their multi-million dollars. Experts estimate that their fortune pours in at the rate of 30,000,000 dollars each year.



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headachy feeling **FAST!**



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New Film Releases

★★★ THE KEY

Columbia drama, with Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, William Holden. State, Sydney.

A STRONG, adult drama of human relationships, gripping scenes of action at sea, plus impressive performances from its three stars, make this one of the most satisfactory of recent films.

Holden plays a Canadian, who, impatient of America's entry into the war, volunteers for tug rescue work with the Royal Navy. Reporting for duty, he finds Howard, an old friend, doing the same work.

Howard takes him to the flat which, along with Sophia, he has inherited from her dead fiancé.

Maintaining the tug boat service tradition, Howard gives a duplicate key to Holden, to be used if he doesn't come back.

Howard's subtle, finely tempered performance is outstanding, and Sir Carol Reed, a lucky director for many stars, has extracted work of a surprising quality from Holden and Loren by his knowing and strong direction.

Loren's slow awakening to love of one man, instead of compliance with all who wear the uniform of the one she was going to marry, puts her into quite a new category as an actress.

Reed's re-creation of war-time atmosphere and his handling of scenes aboard the lightly armed rescue tugs have an impressive validity.

In a word . . . **ABSORBING.**

★ NEXT TO NO TIME

Lion-International comedy, with Kenneth More, Betsy Drake. In Eastman Color. Century, Sydney.

AFTER a bright and original credit treatment, Paul Gallico's whimsical little story has all the magic ironed out of it by flat-footed direction and a stodgy script.

Kenneth More isn't exactly a sparkling comedian at the best of times, and as the engineering whiz who's a child in arms when it comes to business he flounders hope-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

lessly in the film's dull patches.

Put aboard the Queen Elizabeth by his firm, he is expected to swing a big deal with a rival industrialist before reaching New York.

Betsy Drake, a homeward-bound film star, and a fey Irish barman help him bring about the impossible.

Roland Culver is polished and amusing as the industrialist, and Betsy Drake, though certainly no beauty, has an agreeable, off-beat personality.

But it's a comedy without any real joy or sparkle, and the endless shipboard glimpses are overdone.

In a word . . . **FLAT.**

THE GYPSY AND THE GENTLEMAN.

Rank Organisation Regency romantic drama, with Melina Mercouri, Keith Michell, Flora Robson. In Eastman Color. Victory, Sydney.

IF you're a Regency enthusiast, it's almost worth while to see this film for the painstaking authenticity and scenes of the period.

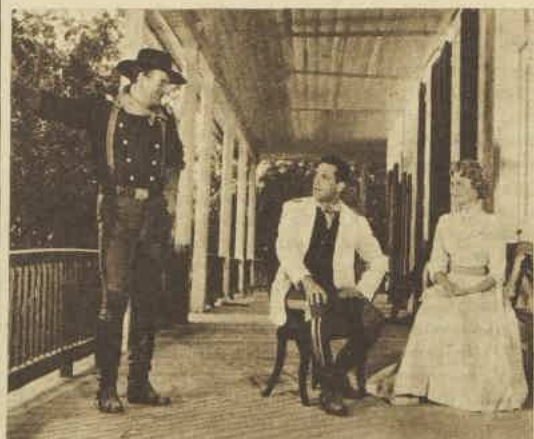
Apart from that, the most striking features are the film's length — it goes on and on — and an astonishing and rather macabre ending.

Three of the principal characters are very nasty people. The "hero" is a wild and dissolute gent, Sir Paul Deverill (played with rugged determination by Keith Michell).

In the beginning Paul does have some good points, but they vanish when he tangles with an exotic gypsy, Belle (Greek actress Melina Mercouri).

Miss Mercouri's progress in films should be interesting to watch; she is a tempestuous Jane Russell plus Sophia Loren type.

Sir Paul is so infatuated with his gypsy that he marries her, which wasn't done in those days.



ON LOCATION with "The Horse Soldiers," statuesque newcomer Connie Towers, a former nightclub singer, is chatting with the film's stars, John Wayne and Bill Holden.



WHO IS IT? The man with that air of casual assurance (left) talking to executive Buddy Adler in a Hollywood restaurant looks like Curt Jurgens. But it's Gary Cooper.

And she goads him into a series of schemes to trick his sister (June Laverick) out of her inheritance.

It's all very unpleasant for the sister, her suitor (Lyndon Brook), and a friend of his, a bewigged actress (Flora Robson).

All's well that ends well, though—but it doesn't end soon enough.

In a word **INTERMINABLE.**

MAKING her first film in years, one-time star Glenda Farrell will be seen as Kim Novak's mother in "Middle of the Night." Delbert Mann is directing the screen version of the Paddy Chayefsky Broadway hit.

Another once-big Hollywood name, Charles Bickford, has signed for a co-starring role in "The Unforgiven," with Audrey Hepburn and Burt Lancaster.

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Unfortunately, constipation catches up with most of us sooner or later, because so many modern foods are over-refined. Much of the essential roughage, or *bulk*, has been removed before they reach our tables.

The price we pay.

With nothing to grip, the intestinal muscles become weak and lazy. Presently they have to be literally *shocked* into action. But the harsh laxative that flushes a clogged system doesn't reach the *cause* of the clogging — lack of bulk in the diet. That is why harsh laxatives are not the answer to the very serious health-problem of irregularity. Indeed, to quote an authoritative warning from the British Medical Association's magazine, "Family Doctor": "remedies of this type, by irritating and paralyzing the bowels, may actually *cause constipation*".

Break the vicious circle — now.

It stands to reason that you can't go on ill-treating your 30

feet of intestinal tract without suffering for it sooner or later.

Now—before too much damage has been done—break the vicious circle! It may surprise you to know that the answer is very simple — and as near as your breakfast table! By enjoying All-Bran, a delicious whole-bran breakfast cereal, every morning, you can reach the *cause* of constipation. All-Bran

supplies the bulk your system must have for normal, regular elimination without purgatives. Unlike harsh laxatives, which undermine health and energy, All-Bran builds you up because it is a food, not a medicine. A breakfast serving of All-Bran and milk supplies 8 important minerals and vitamins, as well as high-quality protein, and bulk for regularity.



How constipation occurs

Your body contains thirty feet of intestinal tubes. Your food passes through them, after leaving the stomach. Its nutritive values are drawn into the bloodstream, leaving waste products behind. Much modern food is so soft and over-refined that the muscles relax and get more and more lazy. But give them bulk and they respond regularly. All-Bran is natural bulk, makes you regular.

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Get a packet of All-Bran from your grocer and prove it for yourself. If you are not satisfied in every way after 10 days' trial, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and they will refund twice what you paid for it.

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those boats," Albright said with as much assurance as he could muster. "Really, gentlemen, I must ask you to co-operate. 'You ain't forbidin' anything. Not that it would do any good, anyway. We got our rights and we're goin'." We done all the co-operatin' we're about to do for one day."

The original delegation had now been augmented by most of the male population of Pistol Two. They formed a gradually closing circle about Albright, and he searched frantically for at least a few sympathetic faces. At the edge of the crowd he saw two Marines. Both were avoiding his eyes. "I should be most reluctant to request aid from the Marines," Albright said. "I hope you realise I can do it?"

"Them Marines are nice boys and smart ones, too. They won't give us no trouble." "Oh, dear heaven, Albright thought, where is Pike? I did not sign up for martyrdom. Pacifying peasants is not my forte."

"Well . . ." he said uncertainly. "I suppose . . ."

Whatever he had in mind to say Albright gratefully left unfinished. For all attention was suddenly diverted from him when two dishevelled men stumbled out of the night and pushed their way through the crowd of people. Albright saw they were Sgt. Doolan and Adam Smith. Perhaps Doolan could do something with the rabble.

When they reached the centre of the circle Adam hardly glanced at Albright before he turned to face the people. He held up his hands, and he was so tall that when he stepped quickly on top of a small sand hummock all could easily see him.

"Can I have your attention, please!" he began. "Please . . . Everybody . . . Listen to me! This is very important!"

As Adam waited in the dim light from the two small bulbs, he heard several uncomplimentary remarks about his appearance. His pants were nearly in shreds and there were several cuts on his face. And he seemed very near exhaustion. "Listen to me, please!" Adam begged, and such was the appeal in his eyes that their talking subsided momentarily.

"You must believe what I am going to tell you, even though you have every reason to do some wondering . . . about . . . well, about what you've been asked to do. I'm not much at speech making as you can see . . . or hear, I mean. Now what I want you to believe is that your trip up here was not a drill. There was a mix-up which was my fault to begin with . . ."

Knowing he was doing a very poor job expressing himself, Adam paused a moment to collect his thoughts. Now everyone in the encampment was coming toward him, even those who had held a favorable position behind the tarpaulins. He was about to begin again when he saw Margaret Trumpey standing near the outer fringe of the crowd.

She was looking up at him, and once more the sequence of what he wanted to say fled from his mind. He wiped the rain from his face while he sought words which would impress and yet not alarm the faces around him. He knew his silence was already overlong and was not doing his cause any good, and he was startled when he heard a man say, "What's this guy up to? Looks like he's off his rocker to me."

"No, it is definitely not a drill," Adam said desperately. "There's a real storm coming and it will hit Nikki very soon . . . maybe in a few hours . . . I can't be sure about

Continuing . . .

The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

[from page 52]

that part. But I am sure the winds will be very strong, probably of hurricane force . . . and so you've got to leave right now and go down to the south end of the island, where there is some high ground and you'll have better shelter. You've just got to believe me when I say this could be a matter of life and death for all of you!"

"Just a minute," Barney Dunbar called out. "What's going on around here? First they make us come up here to the north side, and now you're telling us to go down to the south side. I'll tell you right out I don't think much of taking my family all around the lagoon after dark just to get wet."

"How did you get here?" another man demanded.

"I walked. And it wasn't because I enjoy hiking."

"How come you didn't ride up here in the boats with us? You're the weatherman, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. And I know what I'm talking about. There's a very good chance the sea could cover this whole part of Nikki because the storm will approach from the north-west. On the south side you'll at least get some protection."

Adam turned to Albright and said, "Please. Can't you help me? They should start out in the boats right now."

Those who were within the inner ring of the crowd listened attentively to Albright's answer.

"Indeed I will not. I just finished telling them they must remain here. Those are Pike's orders."

"To hell with Pike! I know what I am talking about."

"Neither your manner nor your appearance would suggest that you do. Furthermore, I'm having quite enough trouble without your meddling. Sergeant Doolan! Will you please escort Mr. Smith to a less conspicuous place."

"I been escortin' him for the past two hours. I think he means what he says."

"That may very well be true, Sergeant. But Governor Pike is the authority here. Until he arrives we are his representatives. Furthermore, I can personally vouch for the fact that Mr. Smith is very likely to disagree with anything Governor Pike may say."

From the middle of the circle a woman's voice came through the rain. "He looks cuckoo to me. I'm not going to put my children through anything more. I want to go home."

A murmur of approval passed through the crowd. Then another woman yelled at Adam and there was a hint of hysteria in her voice. "If you're telling the truth why weren't we told about this here real storm? What do they mean by sending us up here?"

A man called out, "Where is Pike, anyways? How come he isn't here and hasn't been here? Somebody ought to be in real authority around here and I right now nominate Barney Dunbar."

"We got to have some kind of a leader!" another man said. "You can't do anything right unless somebody says so and so is so!"

Another man said, "Maybe we ought to elect some kind of a committee!"

"To blazes with all that! Let's go home and get dried out!"

"I could use a drink!"

A woman's voice cut through the others.

"Where's Pike's wife, I'd like to know? I saw her leaving in one of the boats before it got dark. Are they hiding someplace?"

"I second the motion for Barney Dunbar!"

Adam spread his long arms wide. "Please! Everybody! You haven't got time to debate this thing. You must leave right now and you can't go back to your homes. It may be just as bad there as it will be here."

A man said, "I can't figure out just what for, but you and Pike must be in cahoots about something. I still want to know why you had to hike it up here?"

"Yeah! And how come Doolan is with you? The only thing I believe that you've said is



that there's been some kind of a mix-up. It looks like you're the one who's mixed up, mister!"

Now the noise from the crowd became more than a murmur. The sound multiplied upon itself until the puttering of the light plant dissolved within it. Adam searched the upturned faces anxiously. For the first time he could feel wind on his face. And though it was still feeble, its strength was increasing. The wind was coming, as he knew it must, from the north. Not too far away to the westward, then, swirled the centre of Lazy Ethel.

Again he held up his hands and achieved a measure of attention.

"Maybe you'll believe me if I explain something more to you! It is not Pike's fault you're here, but mine. I deliberately gave him the wrong information . . . never mind why

now. He thought he was doing the best thing for you. What I did is unforgivable, I know. I deserve whatever punishment you think up for me. The reason I had to hike here was because Pike not only fired me, but put me under arrest. I am still under arrest, which is why Sergeant Doolan is with me. He knows, too, there is a real storm coming. Ask him how he saw the barometer falling. And believe me . . . please, for your own sakes and the sake of your families, believe me and go down to the south side right now!"

A stunned silence fell upon

Let's dump him in the lagoon and hold his head down 'til he gives us the truth!" his companion yelled.

"Shut up!" Dr. Case challenged.

"Nobody's goin' to make me shut up if things are as bad as he says they are. All of us got a right to know what this is all about!"

Beyond the ring of light, somewhere under the tarpaulins, a child began to cry. As if the sound separately inspired each person, the crowd began pressing in more closely around Adam. He watched them hopelessly, appalled at his inability to make his words take effect. Knowing himself, he should have foreseen this.

He should have taken time to prepare a speech that would convince, and not just rush blindly at them with a mixed-up relation of mix-ups. But I have never been a speech maker, he thought unhappily. I have never been able to say exactly what should be said, even standing alone with a girl on a wharf.

"Please! . . ." he began again, but Hanover's voice rode over his own with chilling assurance. Turning his back to Adam, Hanover faced the crowd and said, "You people have every right to question the behaviour of this man. And Pike, too! Why they both deliberately chose to conceal the fact that there is a storm coming, I don't know, but I guarantee you, both men have known about it since last night. They even knew its name . . . Lazy Ethel. I think we ought to go back to Pistol Two, find Pike, and make him tell us the best place to go. It looks to me like they outsmarted themselves and now they're trying to cover each other. As a result we're going to get it in the neck!"

"Stay away from those boats!" Albright called to three men who were moving out from the crowd. "You must have some organisation or . . ."

A laborer pushed Albright aside before he could finish. The man was nearly as tall as Adam when he stood before him. He was at least fifty pounds heavier and for a moment he merely stood quietly, flexing his fingers into fists.

Adam was very sure that in a moment the man was going to take a swing at him, and he saw approval in the faces of the crowd. They waited, glancing at each other and working their mouths in anticipation. Maybe if I just let him hit me and do nothing, they'll believe me, Adam thought. That is, if I can just stay on my feet.

The man stooped slightly and took another step up the sand hummock. He looked back over his shoulder at the crowd as if seeking their support, and as he turned he was suddenly shoved

aside. Adam saw that Margaret Trumpey had made her way around the back of the crowd and now stood where the man had been. A laugh of appreciation came from the faces as she usurped his place. She returned the man's glare with a smile and said, "You won't accomplish anything that way, big boy."

Then she spoke to the crowd and Adam marvelled at the clarity and confidence in her voice. "I know a lot of you, but for those whom I haven't met, my name is Margaret Trumpey. I work in the radio-teletype shack. That's why I feel I have a right to speak now. It is true there have been a series of communications about this storm. It is also true that some of them have been conflicting. But if a man comes to you as Adam Smith has done and openly confesses what perhaps might have been a serious mistake, then we should believe him. Surely you can all see that to come here under the circumstances, and fight to get here in the way he has done . . . then he must be perfectly sincere."

"Adam has the kind of courage I think we're going to need. I believe him. If he says we should go to the south side of Nikki, then I believe we should leave immediately. Think about it for just a moment, won't you? Think quietly and soundly. And don't be influenced by men who do not know what they are saying."

She glanced at Adam, then turned back to the crowd. "Take a good look at Adam Smith and you'll believe him . . . as I do. Take a good look at a man who was not afraid to come here and tell us he had made a mistake. Ask yourselves if you would have had the courage to do the same thing."

Now a confused babble spread over the dim mosaic of faces. The solidity of the ring was broken as they turned to each other and clustered in groups and argued among themselves. There were those who wanted to stay and those who wanted to return to Pistol Two, and Adam observed with new hope that many were agreeing to leave for the south side.

He tried to ignore the few who were still obsessed with the idea of throwing him into the lagoon before anything else was attempted. To Margaret, who had moved nearer to him, he said, "Thanks for doing what I couldn't seem to do."

The rain had plastered her hair against her head; and as she stood watching the crowd Adam wanted to tell her that as far as he was concerned she was the most beautiful drowned rat he had ever seen, but he decided to keep his silence. Drowned rat, no matter how beautiful, didn't seem to be the best term to explain the way he felt about Margaret. He hoped he would have a chance later to think of something more complimentary.

There was still no indication that the crowd would reach any unanimous opinion when a rhythmic chanting came through the rain and darkness. The singing came from the vicinity of the native encampment, and even at a distance the voices were loud enough to be heard over the light plant.

At first the chanting was ignored; then gradually the people in the crowd began to listen and their own conversation lost intensity. Finally their talking lapsed altogether and they listened in uneasy silence. When they were quiet a voice rang out across the lagoon. Both Albright and Dr. Case instantly recognised the derisive tones of Terry Mack.

"Cheerio, Yanks! Chief says to tell you we're leavin' whether ye likes it or no. This place ain't fit . . ."

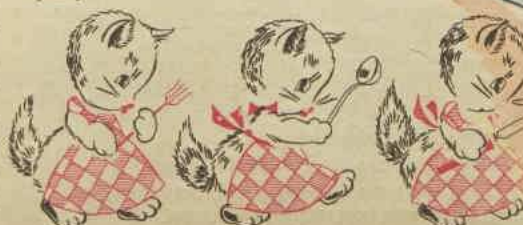
The rest of what Terry Mack yelled was lost in a burst of chanting. Those who turned and sought him in the darkness

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of the lagoon saw only the occasional glint of a wet paddle reflecting the light. In a moment even the reflections were gone and then the chanting diminished rapidly.

"Come back here! I insist you come back here!" Albright called desolately.

"That's enough for me!" a man in the crowd said firmly, and Adam saw that it was Pete Walsack.

He took his wife's hand and they ushered their two children towards the black forms of the landing-craft. Now only a few were still insisting that something should be done about Adam Smith. A splinter group moved back to huddle beneath the tarpaulins and debate the wisdom of complying with Albright's pleas. The majority began to drift like frightened sheep towards the boats.

With an angry glance at Margaret and Adam, Albright left the hummock and, running to the beach, tried to head off the people. Doolan stood solidly on the hummock ignoring his frustrated cries for assistance. "I got my money on you, Smith," he growled at Adam. "I hope you aren't nuts as some people think."

Alone, Albright was soon overwhelmed by the sheer mass of people from Pistol Two. Finally, in defeat, he dropped his hands to his sides and let the crowd flow past his dejected figure.

The movement of the crowd was anything but an orderly procession. Herd instinct seemed to lead most of them towards one boat while the others were left nearly unoccupied. Finally a few of the landing-craft operators took their positions and started their engines. Many of the people, still apprehensive and undecided, lingered near the tarpaulins or merely stood along the beach in hopeless silence.

Adam saw that, in spite of the Walsack's example, these were mostly the people with families. Now it appeared certain that unless someone held the boat operators, who were gunning their engines anxiously, a good many people could be easily left behind. And the wind, Adam thought, the wind is no longer a breeze. Whatever influence Albright might have had upon the crowd was now obviously gone. Someone had to take command before it was too late.

Why couldn't he be the hero and do something besides standing like a shivering dunce, a hapless mute, while the people waited . . . and Margaret waited? Yet he seemed as rooted to the hummock as if the sand reached to his waist. And he could only think that a coward survived in spite of himself.

He glanced miserably at Doolan, who appeared so completely in charge of himself, and he tried to smile at Margaret before he took his first hesitant step towards the beach. He would probably make a botch of it, but someone, even he, Adam Smith, the young man who vastly preferred to keep his peace, must co-ordinate this now hopeless exodus. Some of the people were already beginning to shove others around as they sought favorable positions in the boats. It was becoming all too obvious that real panic could be fired by a single thoughtless personality.

"I'm going to try to make them go about this sensibly," he said with all the determination he could drag from the depths of his being.

As he left the hummock a landing-craft roared out of the darkness and hit the beach with a crunch. Adam saw Pike leap over the side and land ankle-deep in the water. And in spite of his experience with the man, Adam was vastly relieved. For the Pike he could see now was

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The Trouble With Lazy Ethel

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not the Pike he had known. Even at a distance the effect of his arrival was easily apparent.

He began at once to move quickly and confidently among the people, directing and encouraging, smiling as Adam had never seen him smile before, and his solid orders rang out crisply across the beach. And best of all, he was explaining that they were bound for the south side of Nikki.

Doolan had gone to him at once and under Pike's commands was posting his four Marines before each landing-craft. In a few minutes they were counting off the people as they mounted the ramps, and they assisted the women and children as if it was a job they had done every day of their enlistment. While Adam watched, what had threatened to become a dangerous rout was transformed into an orderly retreat.

"I guess we might as well go, too," he said as Margaret came up beside him.

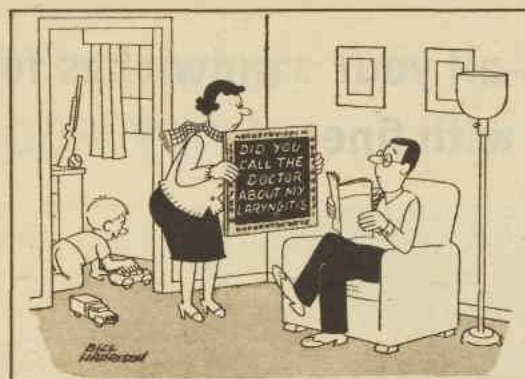
Walking slowly towards the boats, Adam felt the wind on the back of his neck, and he saw that the wavelets fringing the

"Smith," he said slowly, "I owe you an apology. A message came through from Tuamani. Your Lazy Ethel is very much alive."

As Pike wiped his face, Adam said nothing for there was nothing to say. He could only guess how difficult it must have been for Pike to come to him, so he glanced up the beach at the tarpaulins, which were beginning to shake in the wind. He had to raise his voice slightly when he finally spoke. "Sir, I wish I'd never heard of Lazy Ethel."

"It would help if I knew how long it will last."

"I can't be sure of that, sir, with what little information I have. But I can make a good guess. The wind is just beginning to come from the north. It will continue to increase until the eye of the storm passes. If we are directly in line with the eye, then it will be calm for a while . . . possibly as much as several hours."



beach were now alive with energy and even beginning to hiss. It could well be too late, he thought, and the passage across the lagoon was certain to be an uncomfortable affair.

Yet there was Pike. Pike the bigot, the hard-headed slave to red tape and official decree. There was Pike, the silly and dogmatic bully-boy with his infuriating manner, somehow as transformed as the scene around him. He seemed to know instinctively what was required to get these people on their way safely and speedily, and he was getting what was needed.

I could never have done so, Adam thought sadly. I am the little man, not Pike. I am a very little man who lost his head and twisted the tail of a tiger. Now it is Pike, of all people, who must slay him.

When Pike saw Adam, he shouted a final order at the operator of the first loaded boat and quickly marched up the beach. Adam instinctively squared his shoulders as he approached.

"Here comes my appointment with the firing squad," he said to Margaret as casually as he could manage. "You'd better leave. It isn't always smart to be seen in unpopular company."

"I'm staying right here."

Pike halted before them and stood like a dripping pillar in the rain while he surveyed Adam. His shirt was soaked and the bristles of his grey hair lay flat and wet on his head. Water streamed from the end of his broad nose and dribbled down his hard-set jaw. His eyes, like the man, were new to Adam. Even in the dim light he could see they had lost their cold calculation and were now deeply troubled which somehow had the effect of making them friendly and warm.

Then it will come on again from the south and blow until it's all over. We'll know when that will be without any question . . . that is, if we're still around."

"We will be," Pike said firmly. "When we get down to the south side will you explain that to our people? I think it will be better coming from you."

"Yesir. I will."

"If the wind is eventually going to come from the south, aren't we taking a risk going to the south side?"

"Yes. But I don't see how it can be helped. Our chances of the eye passing directly over Nikki are pretty slim if the storm is not too big in area. The wind itself can't hurt us too much if we stay away from Pistol Two. It's sea water over the whole atoll that we need to worry about most, and the only high ground is to the south. I'm very glad we're leaving."

"And I'm very glad you came to Nikki," Pike said, turning back to the beach.

Striding towards the boats he passed Carlos Raveza, who was ambling through the sand as if he was employed in a leisurely exploration for sea shells.

"I thought I told you to cut off the main power," Pike said so mildly that Carlos turned to him and smiled trustfully.

"It is true. You did."

"I suppose you have some explanation?"

"That I have . . . if you will trouble to listen."

"I'm listening to a lot of things."

"Very good. I did not turn off the power because I like to eat. To turn off the power completely was not an order I think you fully think out."

"Why?"

"There are many tons of fresh meat in the freezers. If I turn off the power the meat will spoil, which would be a sin. I was not even a little certain you think of such a thing."

"Thanks, I did not."

"Details," Carlos said, spreading his fat hands to catch the rain. "Leave the details to others and you will sleep as I do."

Sixty-odd miles to the northwest of Nikki, the eye of Lazy Ethel swirled clockwise about itself and moved ponderously through the Pacific night. The air mass which embraced the eye was also circular in form and thus extended in all directions. Near the eye the winds were the most powerful, diminishing gradually toward the outer circumference until the very edge of the mass was merely a full gale.

No living thing could see this cyclopean giant, for the albatross and the frigate birds had long ago fled to regions where the membranes in their skin told them it was safe to rest. Even the fishes—the ono, the dolphin, the shark, and the bonito—had left the surface of the sea and dived to colder layers of water which provided almost nothing in the way of food, but offered a less troubled world. The mammals, whales and porpoises, imitated their descent, sounding deeply and remaining below for such periods as their lungs would permit.

Even the invertebrates of the sea, the plankton, the tiny purple and silver marine organisms, and the jelly blobs of sub-life descended, driven downward by the fresh-water pollution of their element. For such was the volume and solidity of the rain, the sky seemed to become one with the sea.

Thus over two hundred square miles of the Pacific Ocean was left to the mercies of Lazy Ethel. The surface was a strident pandemonium of sound and furious movement. Even the subterranean depths lost peace. All of this cataclysm moved slowly upon Nikki atoll and sent emissaries forward to warn of its power.

As the landing craft rolled across the black lagoon, the warnings became evident to every person who had lived on Pistol Two. They no longer argued or displayed any resentment against a second crossing of the lagoon. They huddled quietly together in the bottoms of their craft, and the children, sensing the growing fear in their parents, were so afraid only small mewling sounds escaped them.

In a very little time, before the landing craft had wallowed halfway across the lagoon, the wind created formidable waves which frequently threatened to capsize the ungainly vessels. The rain spewed diagonally out of the cloud base, rattling against the metal skin of the landing craft and stinging the faces of those who were foolish enough to turn toward it. The wind swallowed the sound of the engines.

The landing craft moved together in loose formation, and even their bright running lights became frequently invisible. In the lead boat, Sue-Anne shared half of her raincoat with Dr. Case. They had both given up trying to light a cigarette and were looking aft where Pike stood exposed to the full fury of the wind and the rain. He had planted himself on the engine hatch and, peering ahead, gave occasional sharp orders to the helmsman. Somehow he managed to remove all anxiety from his voice and appeared entirely at ease and confident. Dr. Case said, "That's quite a man you have there. I'm beginning to think I've misjudged him."

Sue-Anne shifted her position slightly and pulled her wet skirt down over her knees.

Then after a moment she said, "No, you haven't, Doctor. I don't know who that man is, but it isn't my husband."

"He's certainly making the best of what looks to me like a sticky situation."

"You wait. He'll pull a boo-boo yet."

"Mrs. Pike. Because I have a rather nasty disposition myself, I can't help but admire the way you refuse to be convinced."

"Twenty-seven years of experience. You don't change all that in a few hours."

"Is it possible that he's never had a chance to show himself before?"

"Yes . . . I suppose it's possible. But don't be surprised if sooner or later we all don't have to swim for our lives. Say, how badly do I have to be injured before I can apply for some of your medicinal whisky?"

"In your case . . . upon the point of death."

"I like you, Doctor," she said very simply. Then huddling against him she stared thoughtfully at her husband for a long time.

Crossing the lagoon took over an hour, and as the last landing craft reached the south shore the native canoes appeared one by one from the night. They were abandoned immediately, and the paddlers herded their families to the place where Pike stood beckoning with his flashlight. His voice

rang out so strongly most of the three-hundred-odd people who now surrounded him could distinctly hear his words in spite of the wind and rain.

"Attention, please! All of you! We should be relatively safe here even if a trifle uncomfortable. Listen to me carefully and for your own sakes do exactly as I say! Is that interpreter here? If so, sing out, please!"

"Right, Guv'nor!" Terry Mack called, and there was a new respect in his voice.

"Are all your canoes here?"

"Right, sir!"

"Good. Advise your chief to have all his people stay closely with us. We will feed and take care of them. Now all of you, that's everybody . . . will follow me around to the south side of this hill. It is of the utmost importance we all stay together. Anyone who wanders off is asking for trouble. We will remain on the south side until the wind shifts. That may be several hours from now. When I give the order we will move around to the north side and remain there until this storm has definitely passed."

"For your encouragement, assistance is already on route from Tuamani. So we have nothing to be afraid of as long as we keep our heads. Right now all of you men go back to boats and pick up everything you can carry—especially boxes of provisions. When we are settled down on the south side of the hill, feel free to come to me with any suggestions, or

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1 Use foods that taste good and are appetising to children.



2 Choose a variety of foods to make sandwiches more interesting.



3 Be sure you select foods that stay fresh and flavour-some.



4 Remember that sandwiches must be easy to digest — lunch time is play time too.



5 Use lots of nourishing Kraft foods to give youngsters energy and strength.

From flavour appeal to food value—all your sandwiches follow the 5 golden rules when they start with fine **KRAFT FOODS**.



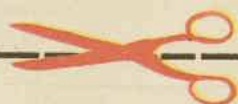
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- Vegemite and lettuce.
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- Quince or plum jam.
- Fried onions and cooked crumbled bacon.
- Grated carrot and chopped celery.
- Left-over cold meat and sliced beetroot.
- Cucumber and tomato.
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- Chopped cooked tongue and mustard.
- Scrambled egg and chutney.
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- Diced rabbit and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Spaghetti and tomato sauce.
- Chopped raisins.
- Mashed sardines and vinegar.

VEGEMITE with:

- Chopped cooked lamb's kidney and tomato sauce.
- Marmalade jam.
- Sliced left-over cooked lamb and chopped mint.
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- Kraft Cream Cheese Spread sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar.
- Red Feather Fish Supreme and sliced hard-boiled egg.
- Kraft Coon Cheese, Vegemite and sliced tomato.
- Kraft Coon Cheese and Peanut Butter.
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- Red Feather Wham and tomato sauce.
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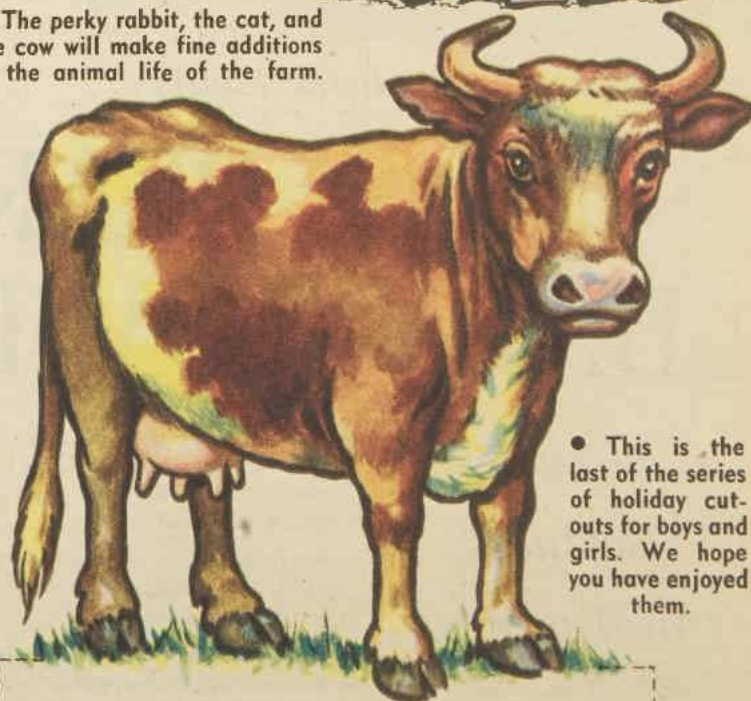
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• This week, dress Sally Weekly in this pretty party frock and a smart tartan pinafore outfit.



• The perky rabbit, the cat, and the cow will make fine additions to the animal life of the farm.



• This is the last of the series of holiday cut-outs for boys and girls. We hope you have enjoyed them.



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if you need further help. The main thing is to keep calm, dig a little foxhole for yourselves in the sand if you want when the real wind comes, and remember it won't last forever. Now keep your children close to you and follow me!"

According to Adam's watch, Lazy Ethel did not seize Nikki fully within its grasp until nearly midnight. It was the last chance he had to look at his watch, for the true wind did not increase gradually as he had supposed, but seemed to explode and reach its maximum within a very few minutes. It was as if something in the void beyond the lagoon had raised a vast curtain and a penetrating cold was released.

Adam was certain the temperature dropped fifteen degrees in as many minutes. Yet to the others, clutching like terrified insects at the safety of their earth, the change in temperature went unnoticed. For even their imagination could not conceive of the wind which pounded against their prone bodies, even though its full force was expended upon the opposite side of the hill.

THERE was no recognisable sound from the people. All was dissolved in a dual sound; a rumbling moan which became a continuous, unbelievable roaring. There was nothing but the wind. Its blast existed. All else did not exist.

The heavy canoes vanished immediately except for one which was somehow caught up by the wind and propelled end over end up the hill and over the top, where it finally plunged down the opposite slope and skittered over the people as if it were made of papier-mache. Finally it sailed through the night and also disappeared.

All five landing-craft were lifted from their perches on the beach and hurled like toy boats against the north side of the hill. The water level in the lagoon rose more than five feet. Yet to Sue-Anne and Pike and Tanni and Carlos Raveza, and Peter Hildebrandt and Terry Mack and Sgt. Doolan, and Sunnie Mandel and Albright, all of this was invisible.

Like all the others of Pistol Two and the natives of Nikki, they lay face down in the sand, squirming against it as they sought even more protection, and trying desperately to breathe. There was only the wind, all pervading, stunning every sensibility except the primary urge for survival.

Adam lay in a common pit beside Margaret Trumpey. Their heads were buried in their arms to form a barrier against the stinging wet sand. They breathed in quick gasps, half through their nostrils and half through their mouths. They could not open their eyes nor could they even attempt to speak. Only the occasional movement of their bodies assured the presence of the other. They lay shivering in this position until three-thirty in the morning, when the wind eased. Then Adam turned his head, covered his nose with his cupped hand so he could still breathe, and spoke to Margaret.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"I've been doing a lot of thinking."

"So have I. Some praying, too. When I wasn't doing either one, a tune kept going through my head. Do you know 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice'?"

"I think I heard it when I was a kid."

"It reminded me of you and Lazy Ethel."

"Yeah . . ."

He listened to the wind for a moment, assuring himself that it was actually subsiding. He wiggled as close to Margaret as he could, until their heads were almost together.

"Margaret?"

"Yes?"

"Maybe this isn't the best time to tell you, but I'd never get up the nerve anywhere else . . . I was thinking it would be a lot easier if you didn't have to write to me."

"Is there any chance Pike will let you keep your job?"

"It isn't that . . . and it doesn't really matter. If I do go home though, I was sort of . . . well, maybe you would consider going with me."

"Is that a firm invitation?"

"Yes. It is."

"You have more nerve than you think. You don't know much about me."

"I know enough."

"I can't cook."

"Learn."

"I'm nearly thirty and . . . well, I don't know anything about making love, either."

"Learn."

"You'd be getting what lots of men didn't seem to want. I'm almost a fully qualified reject."

"Will you?"

She was silent for a moment; then she said okay very softly.

Adam was trying to wipe the sand from his lips so he could bend across the pit and kiss her when he heard Pike calling. He looked up and saw him a yard away, crouched in the sand.

"The wind is dropping, Smith! Do you think it's time we moved around to the other side of the hill?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

Pike rose stiffly, keeping his back to the wind. He switched on his flashlight and Adam saw that he was smiling. "You'll have to admit," he said, "my neuritis is pretty accurate."

"I'd like to hook it up to an instrument," Adam answered.

As the wind moderated rapidly, Pike moved among his people like a solicitous shepherd. When he had gathered them all together he asked Adam to explain about the eye of the storm, and how the wind might soon return from the opposite direction. Then he led his people around to the lagoon side of the hill, where he ordered the ration boxes opened.

They ate in relative peace. Now the rain had ceased, and for some five minutes a hole appeared in the overcast through which the stars were visible. The phenomenon inspired Chief Tanni's Mormon elders so that they called upon Huahenga to lead a song of gratitude.

As her great voice rose from the sand, all of the people joined with her, though those from Pistol Two did not have the faintest idea as to the exact meaning of her words. It made little difference.

The two groups were now hopelessly intermixed, and the wife of Barney Dunbar was astonished to find herself happily clutching the wet hand of Apakura.

It was just after the singing when the stars again disappeared and Sue-Anne came to Pike. He was standing a little apart from the others and she said, "Zebulon, I want to have a word with you."

He was staring at the blackness of the lagoon and frequently rubbed at his tired eyes. For the first time in twenty-seven years Sue-Anne

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saw that his shoulders were slumped.

"Yes, Precious?" he said absently.

She was silent for a moment while she thought about the exhaustion in his voice. "I want to tell you something before the wind comes again."

"Maybe it won't."

"I want you to know I think you've done a damn good job."

"I'm afraid that isn't so."

"We're just lucky no one has been hurt . . . so far."

"I haven't been a very good soldier, Zeb. I've been the fathead. Given the break, I think you could be a General in anybody's army. I won't promise anything because I'm a lot weaker than you are . . . but I'm going to try very hard never to get drunk on you again!"

Even as he reached for her hand Pike knew that his respite was ended. For the wind swirled around the hill and came upon the back of his neck and it was already picking up sand.

"All right, everybody!" Pike called. "Let's start digging in again!"

He squeezed Sue-Anne's wrist so hard the charm bracelet left small indentations in her skin.

He said, "Thanks." Then he walked quickly toward the people and ordered heavy ration boxes to be buried as quickly as possible.

There was very little rain with the second wind and it was somewhat warmer. Yet, if anything, its strength seemed greater. Here, on the lagoon side, the hill sloped more gradually, which allowed freedom to the wind and so may have

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accounted for its seeming increase in fury. And the people, both those of Nikki and Pistol Two, were nearly exhausted from the drubbing upon the exposed parts of their bodies by the wind. And while they had survived the original blasting without any obvious dangers, now a new peril terrified those who opened their eyes long enough to observe it.

Each of the landing craft had carried a full fifty-gallon drum of diesel oil. The new wind snatched these from the overturned craft, hurling them up and along the hill, dropping them and picking them up again as if they were small tin cans. One landed on Hanover's leg and broke it below the knee. His screams for immediate attention were lost in the wind.

Another rolled over the entire Walsacki family, who were huddled in a common pit. Miraculously they suffered only bruises. The same drum finally came to rest against Huahenga's protruding rump, and later it took three men to extricate her from beneath it. Another drum, tumbling end over end, barely touching its edges as it leaped over through the people, cut a deep gash in the back of Albright's head and he was unconscious for several minutes.

Yip Kee, the Chinese merchant, had failed to dig far enough into the sand. The wind plucked him upward and car-

ried him straight across the slope of the hill until it plastered him helplessly against a scrub bush. His entire body was covered with bruises and cuts, and he was both blind and speechless until long after dawn.

Only then did the wind subside, very slowly, as if reluctant to abandon its playthings. And in the dawn, which arrived without the encouragement of normal light, the people on the hill picked themselves up from their ordeal singly, and in groups of two or three.

As their enterprise returned, they looked down upon the lagoon which they had known as a blue and delightfully clear body of water. Now it was the color of chocolate and littered with debris. What remained of the wind lashed the surface into foaming whitecaps which pounded voraciously on what was left of the beach.

IN many places the beach was gone. From their elevation the people could see where the ocean completely covered the flatter portions of the atoll, making the ring of Nikki a series of islets.

As the pale light grew stronger they saw where the two settlements had been. The area was nearly unrecognisable. The channel could still be identified although it appeared much wider. The wharf was gone, and so was the warehouse which had stood upon it. All of the coconut palms which had shaded the native village lay flat, like matches spilled from a box. Only the walls of the Catholic and Mormon churches stood out.

There were no dwellings of any kind to be seen, and it took Pike some time to explain through Terry Mack that somehow he would arrange for their replacement. "If it's the last thing I ever do!" he added vehemently. "My Government is spending millions to blow up another atoll. They're going to spend a few thousand and put yours back in shape!"

There was even less evidence that Pistol Two had ever existed.

"What the Atlas Construction Company created in seven days," Dr. Case said as he worked in the sand pit which served as an improvised aid station, "God must have had a lot of fun obliterating in maybe seven minutes."

The outlines of the airstrip were still apparent although the whole design shimmered with water. The crisscross of the streets was also distinguishable even though the pattern was frequently interrupted by lakes. There were dun-colored square patches where the buildings had stood, but nothing remained of the structures except scattered heaps of broken lumber.

"We think we have something in Zeus," Dr. Keim said, pulling on his nose, which was very sore and red from contact with the sand. He stared moodily at the devastation and said, "I feel sick . . . and puny."

Shortly after sunrise an aeroplane appeared. Skimming low over the still-turbulent ocean it circled Pistol Two first and then turned towards the hill. It banked once around the hill, then descended to fly past the happily waving people. They could clearly see the U.S. Navy markings along the fuselage.

On the second pass along the hillside a series of parachutes vomited from the plane's door. The people ran towards them and the plane continued on its course. Before the chutes collapsed on the sand it was

already a faintly humming insect against the grey northern sky.

Attached to the parachutes were more rations than had ever been contained in the combined stores of Yip Kee and Fat Sue. While the people of Pistol Two engaged themselves in opening the crates and passing out cigarettes and chocolate bars, which met with the most demand, the natives lost all restraint as they fingered the nylon chutes. Led by Huahenga, the ladies of Nikki ignored the stores and were soon parading before each other in hastily fashioned gowns of yellow and white.

They screamed with delight at its marvellous texture.

Sgt. Doolan brought Pike a letter which had been attached to one of the packages. Pike sat down in the sand and rubbed the stubble of his beard for several moments before he opened the envelope, though his name was prominently lettered across its face. He was looking at the gun hanging from Doolan's belt as he walked away, and he wondered if Doolan would suspect anything if he asked to borrow it for a little while. Now in the grey morning the promises which he had made to the natives seemed hollow and the leadership which he had tried to display appeared, on looking back, to be the vain strutting and hollering of a petty tyrant lost in his own catastrophe.

That it had not been a disaster, he thought, looking across the lagoon at the north side of Nikki, where only a few specks of solid matter protruded above the water, was very little less than a miracle. He, General Zebulon Pike, U.S.A.-Ret. in accordance with the inscription on the envelope, had been, as that fellow Smith predicted, very nearly a murderer; and a mas murderer at that. "Thank God," he murmured as he slowly opened the envelope.

His eyes were almost too tired to read the letter and his brain took some time to absorb its numbered paragraphs and stilted phrasing. It began with a single word: Congratulations! Then it assumed a more normal tone.

1. You and your entire staff are commended for your foresight re the discovery and preparation for tropical Hurricane Lazy Ethel.

2. Upon the arrival rescue fleet you will report at your earliest convenience to accept our personal congratulations and discuss immediate rehabilitation station Pistol Two plus such other recommendations as you may have.

3. You will advise all personnel that Project Zeus will proceed on schedule. Any injured will receive appropriate disability compensation.

4. All personal effects lost or destroyed will be replaced at government expense.

5. Rescue fleet will arrive your station approximately 0900. They will anchor off present site of Pistol Two and remain on station until reconstruction is completed. There are ample living accommodations for all personnel.

6. Atlas Construction Co. is providing crews and material for immediate rebuilding. Estimate seven days restoration of complete facilities.

For the Commission,

W. A. Keating.

Pike refolded the letter and placed it in the envelope, trying not to soil it with his dirty fingers. He sighed and rubbed his eyes again. It was the first letter he had received in his entire career which began with a commendation.

He looked down the slope of the hill to where Doolan was standing near the parachutes,

and he thought about his gun. That was one way and he was certain he was not afraid of it. In fact, he could not remember ever having been much afraid of anything as long as the danger was physical. It was paper which terrorised him and always had; mountains of paper and millions of words upon it had stifled his whole career.

There was a harder way than Doolan's gun, he thought, pressing the envelope into his shirt pocket. He would take this paper and read the first part of it to Sue-Anne. Because it was true that drunk or sober, he loved Sue-Anne. And then he would tell her the truth. Eventually he would take the paper to Tuamani and read the first part again. Aloud. And tell them the truth. Then he would see . . .

By night most of the ocean had receded from Nikki atoll.

On the next day two freighters anchored just outside the narrow channel which led into the lagoon. In the morning the Atlas Construction people unloaded enough equipment so that the work could proceed. A new wharf was completed before darkness, and moving cautiously, the freighter became a temporary part of the land. Then again there was night.

On the second day the cargo booms worked with monotonous regularity, depositing all manner of gear upon the new wharf. Yet to all of this the natives of Nikki paid little attention. For they were chiefly concerned with the construction of a bridge which, before night had returned again, completely spanned the channel. They crossed the bridge freely and brought to their village such materials for building as they had never seen before.

On the third day the heavy earth-moving equipment roared and snorted and screeched in the hot sun. Guiding the equipment, the men from the freighter sweated and swore and tore and shoved at the confusion of coconut palms and debris. Among other things they caught up a pair of patent-leather pumps.

On the fourth day the airstrip was made serviceable and the first aeroplane arrived. Those who unloaded it were amazed to find that a large portion of its cargo consisted of flashlight batteries. There were also a number of metal filing cases. And a flute.

On the fifth day . . .

(Copyright)

The novel, "The Trouble With Lazy Ethel," by Ernest Gann, is published by Hodder and Stoughton.

"Both doing well"



Behind these words lies a wealth of infinite care and protection against infection. The safety and dependability of an antiseptic are seldom more closely tested than during and after childbirth. For this reason it is no matter of chance that Dettol is in constant use in Australia's great Maternity Hospitals. Doctors and Nurses have learnt to put their trust in Dettol—the safe, effective antiseptic.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS



DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



Frocks stay party-fresh longer with Robin

Those lovely cottons come up sparkling new time and time again—when they're light-starched with Robin. And Robin keeps them cleaner through hours of rough and tumble because Robin actually resists dirt. You'll find ironing so much easier, too, when you use Robin Starch.

ACCESSORIES—Robin keeps gloves, collars, handkerchiefs cleaner, longer.

TABLE CLOTHS—stay smart and fresh when light-starched with Robin.



Robin STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

There are new ways to wash clothes clean, but nothing replaces **Reckitt's Blue** to keep them really white.

Shampoo just before a date? Why not?

With Sunsilk your hair will be bright and beautifully behaved the moment it's dry.



Only Sunsilk gives you such gleaming manageable hair ... AND WITH JUST ONE LATHER !

A completely different kind of shampoo. The instant Sunsilk touches your hair, up springs a billion-bubble lather. Moments later your hair is shining clean with just one gentle lather. Golden Sunsilk is so rich, you do not need a second lather — and this is so important. With Sunsilk there's no risk of overwashing, no risk of washing away the precious natural oils of your hair. That's why Sunsilk always leaves your hair shining clean and softly manageable — beautifully behaved the moment it's dry.

Golden Sunsilk is from the House of Pears, famous the world over for purity and mildness.

Bubble 1/3; big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9.

PEARS
Sunsilk
SHAMPOO



MORE WOMEN USE SUNSILK THAN ANY OTHER SHAMPOO IN AUSTRALIA

5K13.WW144R

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning February 2



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in romance.

★ Some dream of a handsome stranger met during holidays; others wonder if that resort friendship will endure upon return home. Many contact fellow members of a group which has been in recess, or look forward to new goals, new spare-time activities, consider starting a new type of club or joining one. Anticipations fulfilled.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in asking favors.

★ Speak out boldly, ask for what you want; you will be listened to with patience, probably get at least part of your wishes. Extra work required will pay off in the future. A number of you will be glad of a new amenity where you work. Those in the 30s or 40s could receive an unexpected promotion. Social life casual.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in know-how.

★ You are broadening the scope of your skills. If a homemaker, you deal with family wardrobe. If a student, you are starting new subjects. Others may be given a job in a new department or a new district as a step up the ladder. Most of you go from one task to the next. Speed counts. A romance could develop quickly.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
Luck in a budget.

★ You are concerned with balancing your ledger. Though life may have few frills just now, you get satisfaction from knowing you are putting your financial house in order. Co-operation from family is unexpected and appreciated. Anything to do with thrift, planned saving, is well accepted. Romance benefits from simple outings.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, gold.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck through opposite sex.

★ If you are considering a business proposition, a member of the opposite sex has valuable suggestions to offer or contributes towards financing the deal. Should you be indulging in what is definitely a speculation, find an associate. When entertaining, mixed parties will be most successful. Be cautious with your own sex.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in ordinary routine.

★ Don't mistake wishful thinking for solid fact. Stick to the tried and true, accept your limitations, do your best, on the job, wait for results. The danger of throwing away what you have gained for a will-o'-the-wisp is strong just now. Your beloved may not be handsome, but he's dependable, faithful, with solid, sterling qualities.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in adventure.

★ You experiment with new places, different people, untried activities, new plans which open a gate upon a new world. You make a new friend under unusual circumstances, find that all dream is not on stage or screen. If a parent, you arrange to start a child on a new skill or interest such as music, dancing, art, or sport.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, red.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in a happy ending.

★ A summer romance could develop into a permanent relationship. A problem, such as finding the right flat or house, is solved suddenly. Possibly a tiresome neighbor moves away, or a visitor who kept you tense goes home. In some way you close a cycle. There are new chapters ahead. A party or celebration is memorable.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, green.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in a conversation.

★ Be a good listener this week. A piece of information could give you a business opportunity, you may hear about a job or a bargain, or receive the germ of an idea which you could develop into an inspired brainwave. Informal visiting may keep you mentally alert, emotionally content. You may be asked to help in a social project.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in all practical affairs.

★ Whatever you undertake, don't take anything for granted, know just what is expected of you, push your interests with arithmetic rather than personal magnetism. Resist high-pressure salesmanship. Beware of those who promise much, perform little. You can attain almost any reasonable goal you choose by relying on your own efforts.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, black.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
Luck in self-confidence.

★ Unless you believe in yourself, jolts during the next few days could have an unfortunate effect on your personality, but if you accept them quietly, profit from them in experience, they'll enrich your life. Friends bring their troubles, others you did not care for show real friendship. You adjust yourself well to new conditions.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in leisure.

★ It pays to stay home this week, for leisure to work out ideas, make plans for the coming winter. Since this quiet chapter will be the prelude to new contacts and activities, it is precious. You catch up with reading, attend to home, wardrobe, and odd jobs. You complete at least one major task. Love affairs remain castles in the air.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

F5060. — Summer - into-
autumn one-piece dress de-
signed with a slim skirt
and softly bloused top.
Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Re-
quires 2½ yds. 54in. ma-
terial and ½ yd. 54in. con-
trast. Price 3/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained
from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo,
Sydney. Postal address, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian
readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New
Zealand orders to Box 6344, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders
accepted.

F5074. — Figure-flattering
silhouette for a smart two-
piece jumper suit. The
pattern includes short and
wrist-length sleeves. Sizes
32 to 38in. bust. Requires:
Design with short sleeves,
2½ yds. 36in. material; de-
sign with wrist-length
sleeves, 2½ yds. 54in. ma-
terial. Price 3/9.



F5060



F3457

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F3457. — Beginners' pattern for an
easy-to-make infant's suit. Size in-
fant's. Requires 1 yd. 36in. material
and 3 yds. striped binding. Price 2/6.

F3960



886

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available
for six weeks from date of pub-
lication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 886. — **TENNIS DRESS**
Empire-line tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron
white poplin and white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 32/8, 36 and 38in.
bust 36/11. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 887. — **DUCHESS SET**
Pretty heart-shaped duchesse set is obtainable cut out ready to make
and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen and sheer
linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/9. Postage and registration
1/3 extra.

No. 888. — **SMALL GIRL'S DRESS**
The dress is designed to open out flat for easy laundering. is obtainable
cut out ready to make. The material is woven check gingham available
in blue and white, red and white, green and white, lemon and white, and
blue and white. Sizes: 2 years 15/9, 3 to 4 years 16/3, 5 to 6 years 15/3,
7 to 8 years 16/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 889. — **EMPIRE-LINE DRESS**
Bare-armed Empire-line dress is obtainable cut out ready to
make in floral cotton. The color choice includes pale green,
pink, and grey; pink, aqua, and grey; coffee, aqua, and grey;
and pale blue, rose-pink, and grey. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust
32/8, 36 and 38in. bust 36/9. Postage and registration
3/9 extra.

887



888



889

F3961. — Attractively styled
cold-weather nightgown. Sizes
32 to 38in. bust. Requires
5½ yds. 36in. material and
1½ yds. ½ in. lace edging. Price
4/9.

F5055

F5055. — Slender-line one-
piece dress. The pattern
includes short and three-
quarter-length sleeves.
Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Re-
quires: Design with short
sleeves, 4 yds. 36in. ma-
terial; design with three-
quarter-length sleeves, 3½ yds.
54in. material. Price 3/9.

A

B

The safe laxative

Children
love
them!



Nurses
recommend
them!



For years, chocolate Laxettes
have been the best-selling
children's laxative — because
they're made specially for
children.
Laxettes are simply squares
of fine chocolate, each con-
taining an exactly-measured
dose of tasteless phenolphtha-
lein . . . the safest, surest
laxative known.

Laxettes don't gripe, upset the
stomach or work with embar-
rassing urgency. Instead they
give a smooth, thorough
cleansing motion — and they
are not habit-forming, and
seldom needed again the
next day.
Chemists and child health
authorities recommend
Laxettes. Buy a box today
price 2/9 and —
"When nature forgets,
remember Laxettes".



The laxative
for children

LA20

all brass



& copper

need



For a brighter, lasting shine!

THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST INSECT KILLER

in the
PRESS-BUTTON Kan

SAFE
for everything
except the pests
it kills



No fly, mosquito or other insect pest can survive Kan-Kil! That is because **ONLY KAN-KIL CONTAINS STROBANE** — the miracle ingredient that is proved the most active killer of all. It's so easy to kill *all* insect pests in your home — just spray the rooms for 3 seconds with the Colgate Aerosol Press-button Kan. The penetrating mist of pleasant Kan-Kil floats about the rooms for hours, killing every insect that flies through it. Buy Kan-Kil in the new 12 oz. Press-button Kan — sufficient to spray average room 100 times — 15/11 6 oz. Press-button Kan, 8/11.

LIQUID SUPER KAN-KIL is also available for use with spray gun—in 10 oz. Kans at 2/6 and giant, economy 20 oz. Kans, 4/4 • **25% MORE SPRAY** than other liquid sprays **FOR THE SAME MONEY!** Buy Kan-Kil—today.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have not been forgotten on the planet Magna, where they were responsible for the Emperor Magnon meeting his wife, Carola. Now the royal couple are expecting the birth of an heir, whom they will call "Nardrake" after their friends from earth.

Mandrake and Narda are unable to recall their visit to Magna because memories of the adventure were removed from their minds. However, Magnon and Carola want them to join in the magnificent celebrations taking place when the child is born, and an emissary is sent to earth at once. **NOW READ ON:**

THE EMISSARY OF MAGNON, EMPEROR OF A MILLION PLANETS, REACHES EARTH!

HOW CAN I FIND TWO PEOPLE AMONG TWO BILLION?

I LOOK FOR TWO PEOPLE OF THE NAME MANDRAKE AND NARDA. YOU KNOW?

NOPE, (MUST BE A FOREIGNER) TRY LOOKING IN THE PHONE BOOK AT THAT GAS STATION.

HERE IT IS! NARDA! THAT WAS SIMPLE! HMM, WHAT A JOB FOR ME TO BE DOING—MESSENGER BOY!

YOU ARE NARDA? STAY THERE. COME QUICKLY.

HELLO, HELLO? WHO IS THIS? YES, I AM NARDA, BUT—?

I CALLED FOR TAXI. ARE YOU TAXI?

I AM, SIR. HOP IN.

SORRY TO TAKE SO LONG, SIR. HEAVY TRAFFIC.

THIS IS TAKING LONGER THAN IT DID FROM SIRIUS TO ALPHA CENTAURI!

THE STRANGEST PHONE CALL. SOME MAN WITH AN ODD ACCENT—WOULDN'T SAY WHO HE WAS—SAID HE'D BE RIGHT OVER.

WHOEVER HE IS, LET'S HOPE HE WAITS UNTIL WE'VE FINISHED THIS WONDERFUL STEAK!

TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

JUNIOR, YOUNG BOBBY, YOU PUSHED HIM DOWN ONE STEP IN THE PARK.

NO MUMMY.

I ONLY PUSHED HIM DOWN ONE STEP HE FELL THE REST OF THE WAY.



SURE

stops perspiration

light through active summer days, Sure keeps you fresh and safe. This amazing new anti-perspirant deodorant stick by Goya really does stop perspiration as well as odour, gives you double safety. You'll never be guilty of unpleasant underarm odour if you use Sure every day. There's no mess, no bother with Sure's pretty push-up case. It strokes on in seconds. Use Sure and be sure every day.



Highlight your hair as you set it with

marigny
Smart Set
3/9 everywhere



STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down—that dull, listless feeling, that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood—lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get DOAN'S without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

STOP CORNS



Buy the "Practical Householder," the magazine for the handy man. It costs 2/6 per copy, is on sale at all newsagents, and it can save you pounds.

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



- ALL THE EXTRA SUBJECTS I SHOULD BE TAKING... I SHOULD BE WORKING ON MY FIGURE... DEVELOPING MY MIND... BROADENING MY TALENTS... I'M GOING DOWN RIGHT NOW AND SIGN UP FOR ENOUGH COURSES TO TAKE UP EVERY MINUTE OF MY SPARE TIME!



I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME ON FRIVOLOUS THINGS LIKE BOYS! I'M NOT GOING TO EVEN THINK OF BOYS! I'M GOING TO ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO DATE ANYONE! BOYS ARE THE STUMBLING BLOCKS TO SUCCESS!



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A snake-haired female and a French novelist are making cheese (10).
8. Though milky, it would not describe the Milky Way (6).
9. Systems of beliefs consisting of a hundred marsh plants (6).
10. To deserve (5).
11. Allocate the listener with a visible sign (3-4).
13. The flat, circular tool-sharpener used sometimes for noses (3, 10).
16. War god protecting a blackguard in arched-over passages (7).
18. Such meat is not meat at all (5).
21. Imaginary island discovered in the beginning of the sixteenth century (6).
22. Bushy evergreen shrub which outwardly is a pet (6).
23. I.S.M. (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. Egg-shaped holding a large tub inside (5).
3. Machine-gun with fishy end (7).
4. Pleasing in a Bavarian ice-berg (4).
5. Gardens full of char rods (8).
6. A ray of light at right angles to the keel (5).
7. Firedog and metal (7).
12. Explosive with discharged short unit of current (4-4).
14. That woman takes it or the person who inherits (7).
15. Of small importance for six in a trial (7).
17. Poisonous snake I see in savory meat jelly (5).
19. Game played by 34 men, but two of them can be women (5).
20. Mark a definite locality (4).

To snap them
out of
Summer Sag...

It's marvellous
what a difference

MILO makes!



He's full of zip and zest... full of energy and happiness. His favourite drink is a glass of ice-cold Milo. That's the secret of his untiring energy. Yes, chocolate-flavoured Milo... full of the goodness of milk, malted cereals, energising vitamins and essential minerals. Milo is a "must" for summertime vigour.

So simple to prepare!
Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm water, stir, then fill the glass with cold milk. For extra-frosty iced Milo, add ice cubes or Ideal ice cream.

MILO

A NESTLE'S QUALITY PRODUCT

Page 71

CHILDREN
CROSSING

STOP!



Children, when going to school or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers, safeguard your children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits in their School lunch.

Let their even colour be your guide and the name ARNOTT your protection when buying biscuits for your children.



There is no Substitute for Quality